Saturday Review

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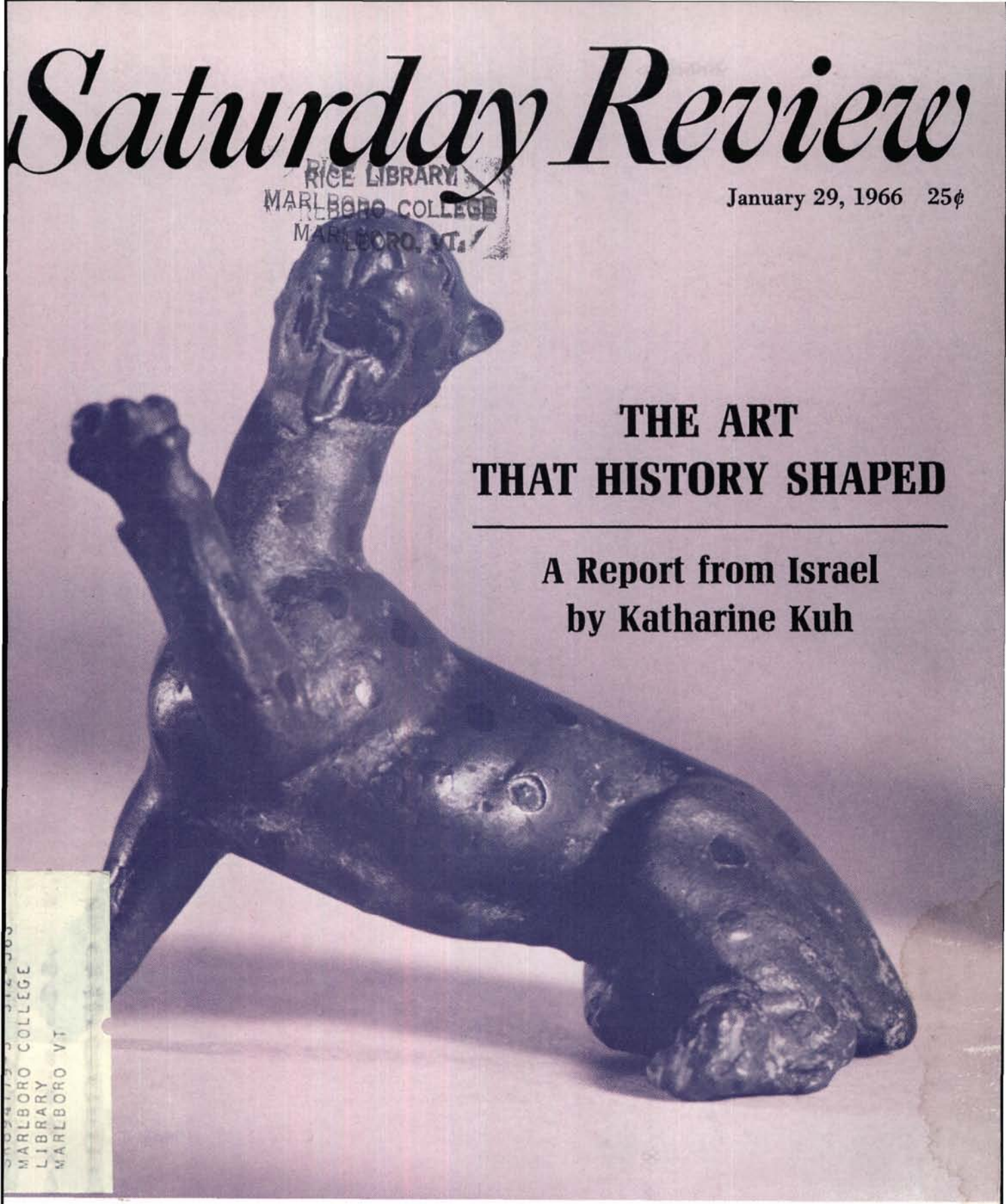
THE ART THAT HISTORY SHAPED

A Report from Israel by Katharine Kuh



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By David Dachs

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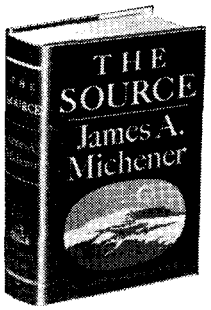

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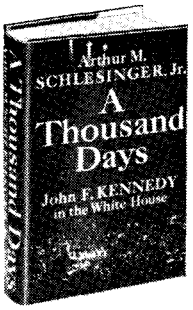

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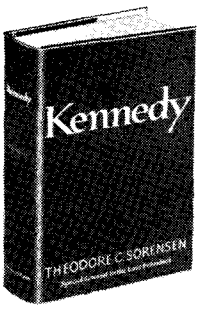

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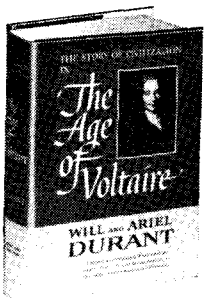

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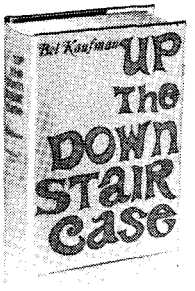

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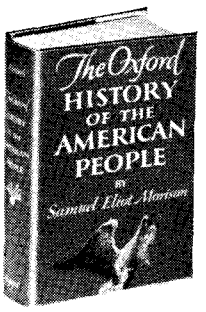

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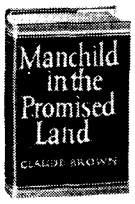

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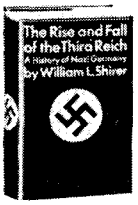

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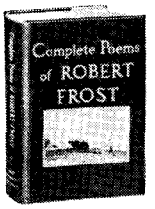

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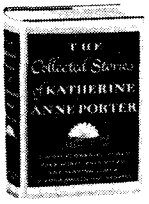

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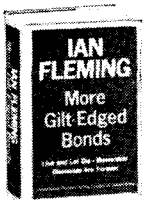

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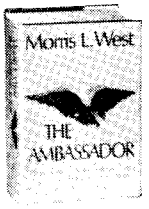

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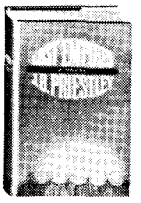

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Doubleday is pleased to publish many writers who create that special and imaginative form of literature called science fiction. Among those who contribute to our list are Poul Anderson, Clifford Simak, Lloyd Biggle, Fenna Henderson, A. E. van Vogt and Isaac Asimov.

We have also published the man who is often considered to be the young dean of the school, although every attempt to describe Ray Bradbury as a science fiction writer is always followed by a "Yes, but . . ."

The reason is that Bradbury is his own case. His realm is imaginative fiction; his stories sometimes touch on science and sometimes do not. Bradbury's are fantasies rooted in reality. Few are earthbound; anyhow, his earth has the quality of a moonscape.

All of which does not explain why I have long been a Bradbury reader. It is his language most of all that draws me to his work. His prose can be poetic and soaring, full of imagery and astonishingly limber metaphor. It can also be lean and simple and bare bones. Looking through our latest Bradbury volume, *Twice Twenty-Two*, a new edition in one volume of *The Golden Apples of the Sun* and *A Medicine for Melancholy*, I was hooked all over again.

Ray Bradbury sold his first story at the age of 21, has had hundreds published since—in *The New Yorker, Harper's, Mademoiselle* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. He's done the screenplay for *Moby Dick* and a film version is being made of his classic, *Fahrenheit 451*.

He was born in Waukegan. Now he and his family—the Bradburys have four children—live in Los Angeles, not a bad base for otherworldly inspiration.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Twice Twenty-Two ($4.95), by Ray Bradbury, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any one of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 934 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

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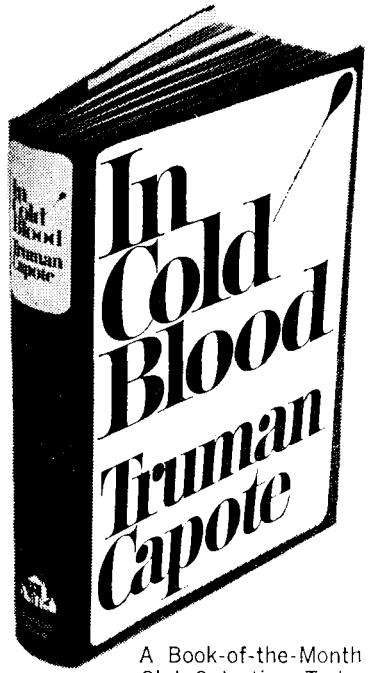

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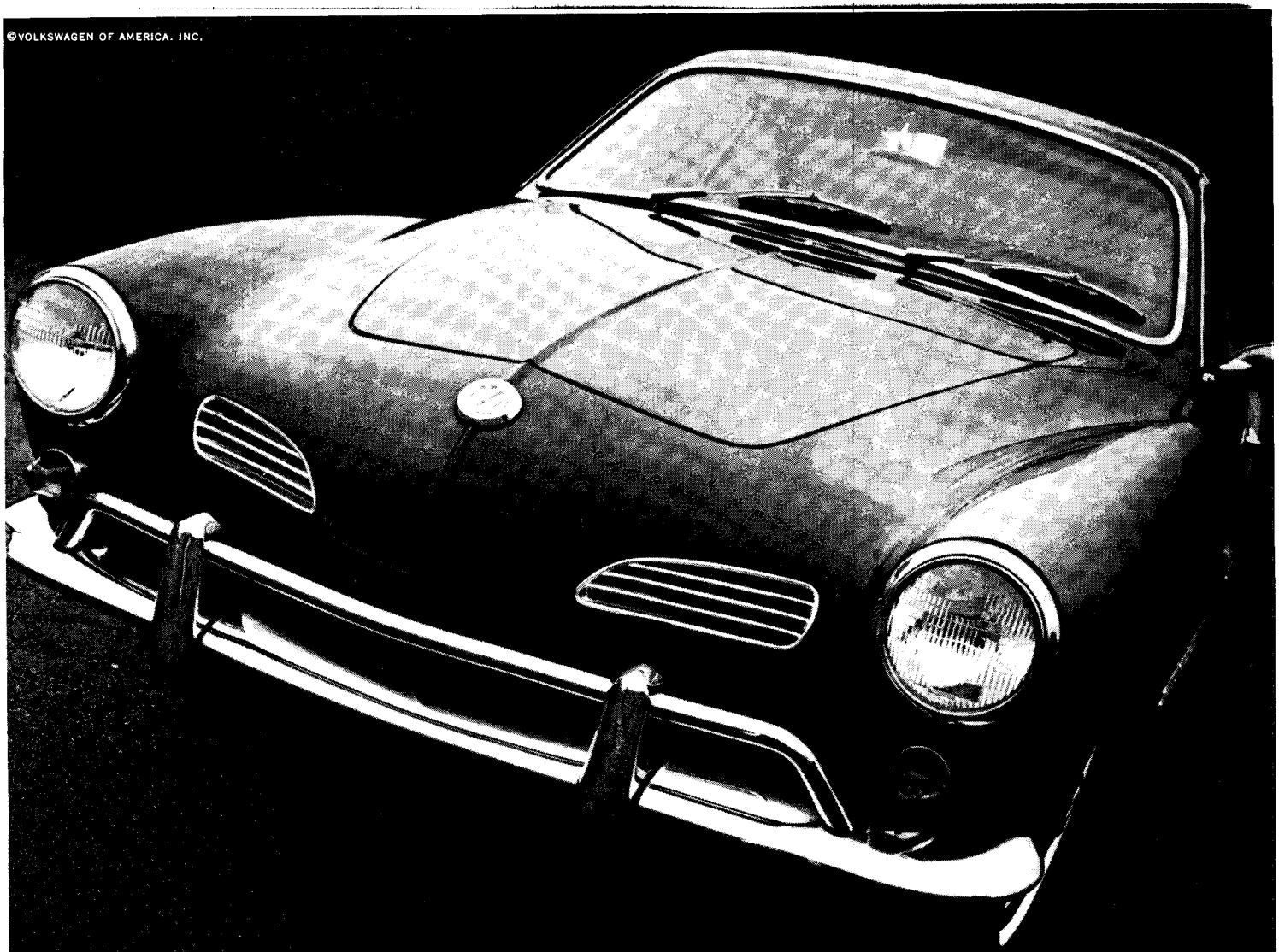

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The Barber Pole

See the gay cylinder!
Symbol tonsorial,
Twirling electrical,
Soundlessly, endlessly,
Furling, unfurling
Its patriot color-scheme,
Ribbons uncurling
And swirling and swirling.
Long may they stream and
Triumphantly wave
O'er the home of the haircut,
The shrine of the shave.

—Melville Cane.

Initial Efforts

BEFORE saloons became cocktail lounges, the back bar was an important feature of every drinking establishment. And well it might be, for it was stared at hypnotically for hours on end by all the customers, both steady and unsteady.

In addition to a double phalanx of bottles, the back bar displayed placards advertising impending sporting events and politico-social rallies, a punch bowl full of hardboiled eggs, a couple of gigantic blue-and-gray steins, and several yellowed photographs of pugilists. Above the frosted mirrors hung a massive oil painting which depicted either Custer's Last Stand or Aphrodite's Last Sprawl, depending on the taste of the proprietor.

And somewhere on the back bar, along with the "No Credit" warning, there would very likely be a flyspecked card reading "IITYWYBMAD." The theory (or hope) was that a newcomer, his curiosity aroused, would ask what it stood for—evoking the retort, "If I Tell You Will You Buy Me A Drink?" (Laughter.)

Sometimes it worked. In the old-fashioned saloon the threshold of risibility was comfortably low and the visibility was high, which is more than can be said for the crepuscular cocktail lounge with its apprentice alcoholics skulking in the shadows. But even if visible, no random collection of initials would hold the attention of a modern bar-fly if he happens to be a newspaper reader. It's got to spell something.

Headlines have made us familiar with CORE and CARE and HARYOU-ACT. We all know that they are the acrostically abbreviated names of organizations. The Volunteers In Service To America function under the pretty name of VISTA. It has become practically impossible for any supporters of a cause to gain public recognition unless they give their group an elaborate title that can be boiled down to a pronounceable word.

The latest is a national student group of moderates which started at Stanford University and has now established chapters in universities in nearly every state. It calls itself the Committee On National Student Citizenship In Every National Case Of Emergency. This, of course, boils down to CONSCIENCE—a genuine dictionary word full of noble implications.

In fact, the initial-word game works out so neatly so often there is a growing suspicion that it is a contrived device. Quite possibly the title may sometimes create the organization. An advocate of nudism might very well form a group called the Uninhibited Nevertheless Definitely Reluctant Ecdysiastical Social Seminar simply to circulate the slogan UNDRESS. Or a fresh-air fiend could collocate a clique known as the Beginners Respiratory Exercise And Trail Hiking Establishment for the sake of nothing but its initial admonition.

Come to think of it, there's no reason why I can't promote a couple of organizations to be known respectively as the Westchester Escargot And Ragout Eaters and the Haters Of Lengthy Biographical Records Of Our Kindred, if only to publicize the name of

—Weare Holbrook.

Eastern Meets Western

Vague?

(Notes taken while reading Jerome Weidman's "Wait for Me" in *The Death of Dickie Draper*)

P. 79. . . . Alice was aware of a sudden and small but nagging sense of fear.

P. 80. . . . struggled in vain to understand the small but nagging fear that had assailed her at breakfast.

P. 87. What mattered at the moment was this unexpected and nagging sense of fear.

P. 88. The small, vague, and nagging sense of fear, which had pursued her since breakfast . . .

P. 91. . . . free to return to, and circle endlessly around, the small, vague, and nagging sense of fear . . .

P. 93. Alice, feeling a new and sharper stab of the nagging fear . . .

P. 94. Again, as the nagging fear stabbed more sharply . . .

P. 96. . . . might have stilled the small,

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vague, and nagging fear that had hung over her since breakfast . . .

P. 97. The small, vague, and nagging fear that had been circling elusively around her all day . . .

—FRANK LITTLER.

Who's Afraid of Virginia City?

IF there's one thing Eastern kids have plenty of, it's Western towns. I have been through two of these with my brood and I have seen the signs cataloguing the delights of yet others: instant frontier, rides on a counterfeit stagecoach, free deputy sheriff badges, and, inevitably, a regularly scheduled showdown between the black hats and the white hats, staged by local actors equipped with blank cartridges and expressions to match.

Nowhere in the West, though, have I found the obvious—the Eastern town. An oversight? Discrimination? No matter. Let's correct the injustice with an exchange program now for stay-at-home young Westerners.

I can see the billboards: "Visit Exciting Manhattan Borough. Turn East, 20 miles to Laramie, Wyo."

And the ensuing scene: Mr. and Mrs. Tex McWhortle and Clint, their six-year-old son, gape at a row of simulated brownstones, a police station, a street littered with trash and clogged with bumper-to-bumper traffic.

CLINT: Gosh, the East!

DAD: It shore looks like the pickshures I've seen.

MOM: Look over there, Clint boy, a ride on a real subway!

CLINT: I wanna ride! I wanna ride! [They enter through the turnstile, step over a recumbent derelict, and sit down. The noise picks up and moving walls simulate the sensation of a speeding subway. Suddenly, the door flies open and six teen-agers board. They pull out switchblades and rob Clint of the bundle of fake greenbacks he received at the entrance. Later, outside, the trio eagerly read the schedule in the program of the day.]

DAD: Look here at 3 P.M. in the center of town, they show a yokin' of an eighty-five-year-old crippled pensioner!

MOM: We'd better hurry. . . .

DAD: And after that, there's a crash at 3:15 between two stolen Sting Rays being chased by cops at speeds up to 100 mph!

MOM: You just can't squeeze it all in. Look, they take your fingerprints, for fun, at the police station. Then a suicide gets out on a window ledge and the crowd is supposed to collect, and you get to yell "Jump!"

CLINT: I wanna see the motorcycle rumble. Timmy Waters saw the motorcycle rumble. . . . They take over the whole town. . . .

—CHARLES SCHAEFFER.

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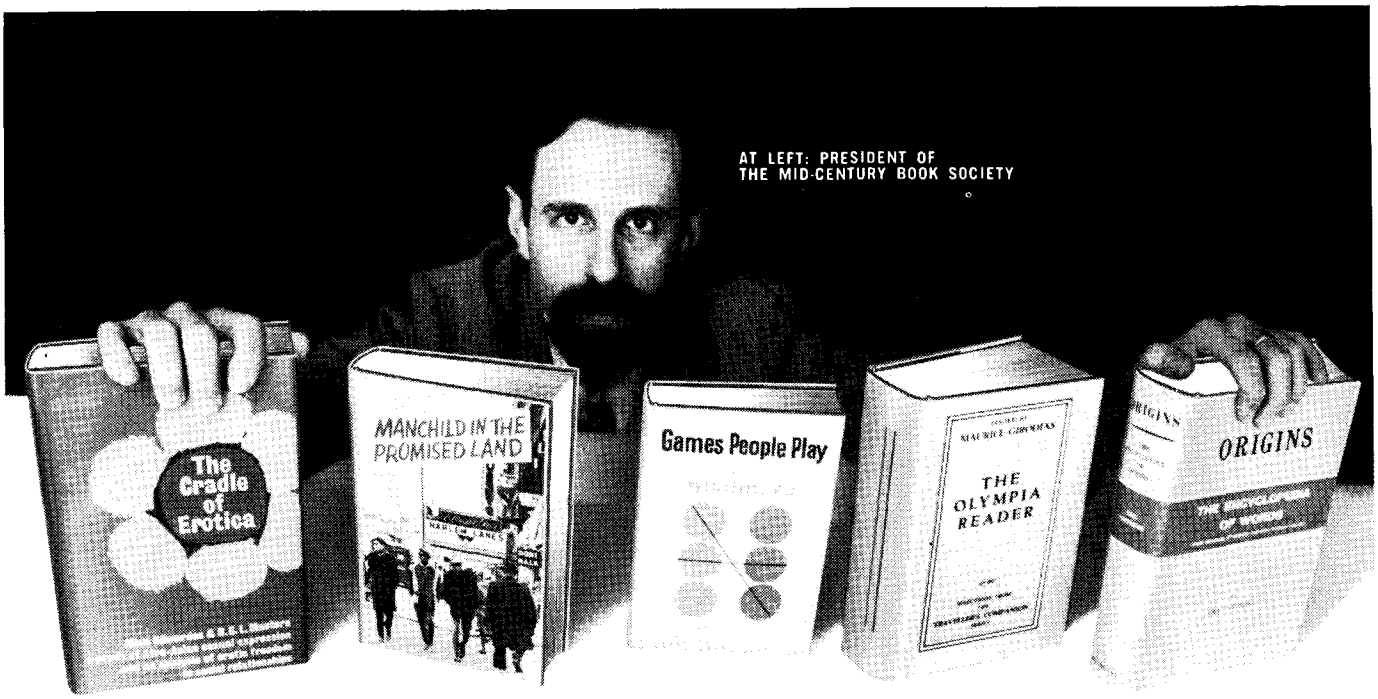

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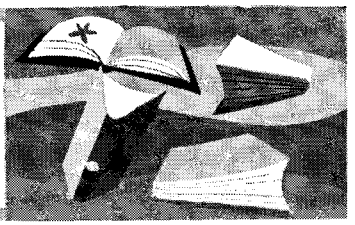
Trade Winds



The transit strike changed the face of New York City. I didn't dream I would ever see women in mink coats thumbing rides. One morning uptown I watched a pretty girl carrying a sign that gave her destination as the Radio City area. A young man all alone in a Volkswagen came to a halt at a red light. She jumped in front of him and waved the sign. When the light turned green he just drove around her without any response. I guess he had already seen the movie.

One woman whose son is a child actor had a date with an agent on Broadway. She and the boy put on roller skates and glided from East 74th Street through Central Park and downtown to keep the appointment.

The papers kept track of exactly how Mayor Lindsay got around, but I was interested to run across William F. Buckley, Jr., one of the defeated candidates. One of his campaign promises, you'll recall, was that he'd try to have a bicycle path built from one end of Manhattan to the other so New Yorkers could get around faster and be healthier to boot. But when I saw Buckley he was commuting between his 35th Street office and his 69th Street home on a motorcycle. He tells me he doesn't own a bicycle.

Without buses or subways, New Yorkers had to rely heavily on their automobiles, and close to 1,000,000 of them crept into the city every morning and home again every night. One result was that parking spaces were all but filled soon after dawn, putting a monumental strain on the motorist's ingenuity. Many found, in fact, that the only solution was to park in no-parking zones. In order to reduce the risk of a fine, a number of drivers left notes on their windshields. "This is a car pool car," the signs would read. Or "Car broken down. Gone for help."

But the most disarmingly frank sign we saw was on a car parked in a no-parking zone on Madison Avenue in the 40's. "Dear Officer," it read. "I got up at 5 o'clock this morning to bring six people down from the Bronx. Then I went back and brought my sister down from 98th Street. Then I went to Brooklyn and brought a load to work. I have been driving all day and now I can't find a parking place. I have cooperated with the police. Please cooperate with me. There was no ticket on the car.

I don't know whether you believe anything I have told you so far, but the following item is authentic and comes from Lucille Napear, the TRADE WINDS stringer in Tokyo. The Majima Company has manufactured a device that is proving of inestimable value in helping Japanese improve their English. It is a tape recorder and loudspeaker system that can be installed in the bathroom. Each time the door is opened the speaker blares out a three-minute lesson and then shuts itself off. "Good morning," it starts out. "How are you?" and so on. The conversation lesson advances with each episode, running through eighteen reels divided into beginning, middle, and advanced courses. The Majima Company says that a Japanese gentleman will be ready for his overseas trip by the time he completes the middle course. The Orient seems to be away ahead of us in the educational learning processes.

Here to publicize his new novel, *Chaos Below Heaven*, Eugene Vale repeated a story about the writer who was having to rework his script for that old television show, *My Favorite Martian*. The producer was complaining about the dialogue.

"What's the matter with it?" asked the writer.

"Look here," the producer said, pointing to a line. "A Martian wouldn't talk like that."

For some reason the London *Daily Mail* correspondent Noel Barber has written and Houghton Mifflin has published *The Black Hole of Calcutta*, a book that resurrects the story of all those 146 Westerners and natives stuck overnight in that tiny prison in Calcutta in 1756, only twenty-three of whom came out alive the next morning. Barber ignores all the twentieth-century research that casts doubt on the original tale, and just goes ahead and writes the British stiff-upper-lip version all over again.

Just remember, if you decide to read the book, that there are discrepancies

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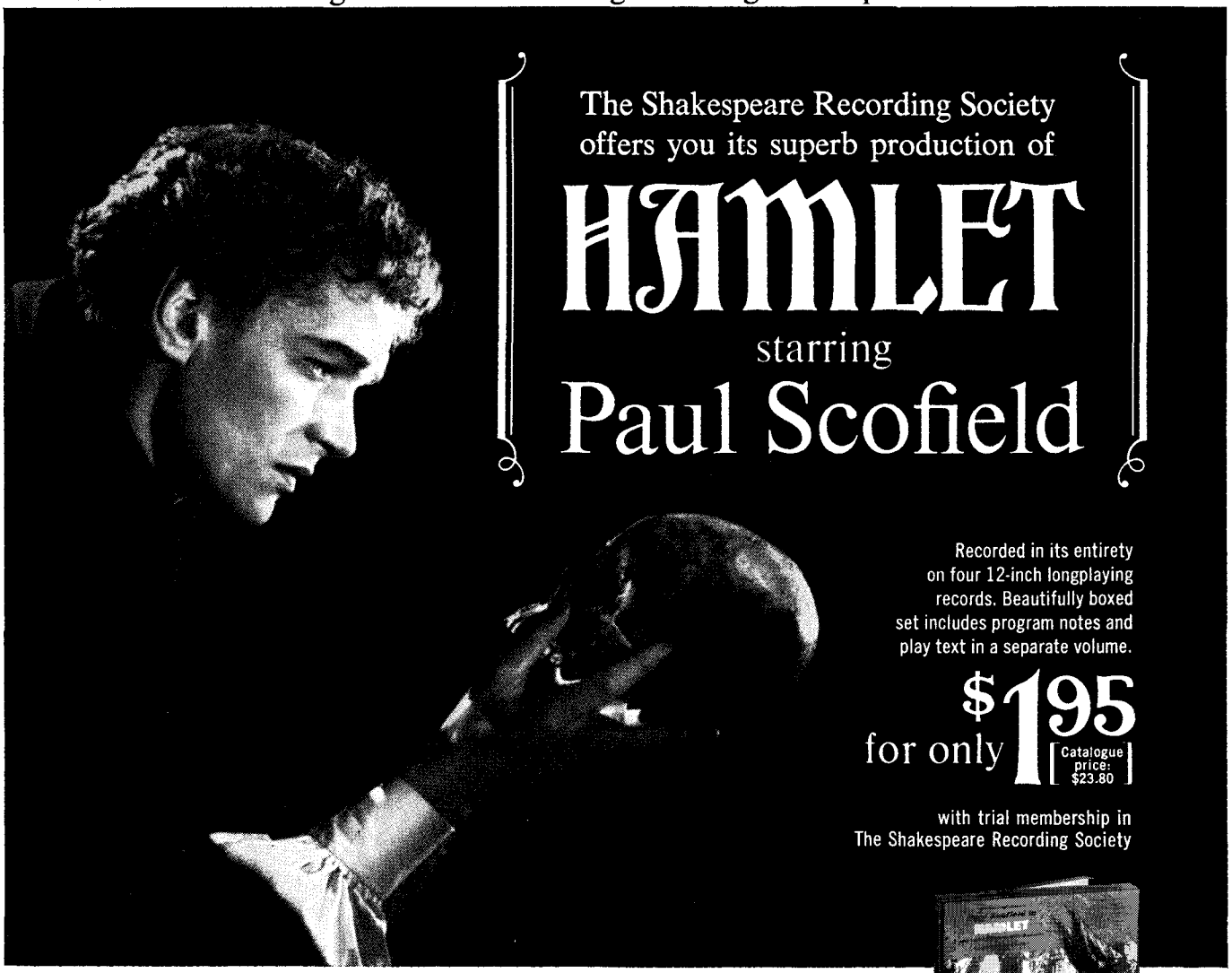
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all over the place, and that a lot has been written elsewhere to bring them out. The point I like best is that made by Professor George W. Hartmann, who brought together all previous investigations for the *Journal of Social Psychology*. Hartmann figured out that the prisoners in the Black Hole had approximately 2.2 square feet of standing room per person. Then he checked with the Board of Transportation in New York City and found that that's 50 per cent more space than is allotted to standees in the New York subway trains during rush hours.

Sharps and Flats: The people who talk about *chili con carne* with meat and about SCUBA apparatus are now referring to the SAM missile.

► Actor Bob Lieb says that when a show is on the road he always follows ancient thespian law: "Never play pool with a man named Slim," and "Never go out with the character woman."

► There's a big menu in the window of Steuben's Tavern off Times Square: "$1 FULL COURSE DINNER." When you get up close enough you make out in fine print, between the "$1" and the "FULL" these words "added to price of entrée entitles you to."

► On the train going to Michigan during the holidays, Douglas Andrews went to the diner, leaving at his seat a bottle of bourbon, a carton of Marlboro cigarettes, and a copy of a new book, *Doobie Doo*. The book was swiped, nothing else. As Andrews is publicity manager for Doubleday, publishers of *Doobie Doo*, he was gratified. The thief could not have shown better taste, he felt. On the other hand, Al Durante, a New Yorker who handles publicity for an organization called the Bourbon Institute, on hearing this story, said that passengers on trains to Michigan are poor choosers. I haven't heard from Philip Morris yet.

► Punctuality is the thief of time.

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1659)

J. N. Miller:
THE ART OF (INTELLIGENT) LISTENING
(From *The Denver Post*, as quoted in *Reader's Digest*, Sept., 1965)

A thoughtful listener knows that a true conversation is an opportunity to learn something. There is just* no such thing as a worthless conversation, provided you know what to listen for. And questions are the breath of life for a conversation.

*Word inserted to get the J.

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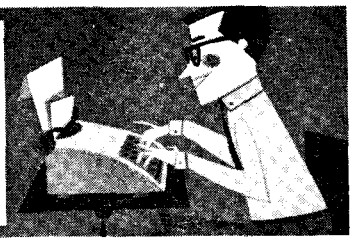
Top of My Head



Take a Letter

Mr. Russell Baker
New York Times
Washington Bureau
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Baker:

I have just read your entertaining column addressed to a Miss Luci Baines, whoever she is, concerning her engagement to the Nugent lad, w.h.i. You advise her against the pitfalls of planning to sink a lot of money into expensive furniture and moving into a three-bedroom split level. The boss thing to do, you tell her, is to buy a lot of cheap furniture and move into a two-and-a-half-room flat over a delicatessen.

Man, are you ever not with the Pepsi generation! Get that sarsaparilla out of your icebox, Mr. B. and empty the pan under it. It's obvious you have children so your view is doubtless prejudiced. It's certainly an ancient, pre-Scott Carpenter attitude. I can be more objective because I have no children. But I do have a niece, the daughter of one of my sisters, whoever they are, and while I haven't made the full leap into the Pepsi generation, at least I'm up to root beer.

How the bottle caps must have popped the night Miss Baines and her Pepsi group laughingly read your letter up at her pad! After two or three cases of the foamy stuff I wouldn't be surprised if your advice was set to the music of a protest ditty and cynically sung by the light of a burning third-notice phone bill. I have this theory that all these revolutionary social explosions among the young are the result of mixing carbonated waters with tight slacks.

I first met my niece at the age of five. That was *her* age—fifteen years ago. I exude an instant witchery for children which is breathtaking to behold. And like all other kids she hated me on sight. For no apparent reason she immediately nicknamed me Sam. The reason materialized as the years passed, when I received frilly little notes from her reminding me of her birthdays, Christmases, the day she was graduated from fifth to sixth grade, and the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The letters all started off "Dear Uncle Sam."

When she was ten one of her Uncle Sam letters netted her a course in ballet lessons. Every two years or so I was invited to see her in a recital. She was rather good—no Gene Kelly, but good enough. Then one day a year or so ago they wrote that she was married. She had pas de deuxed down the aisle with a boy of nebulous wealth. Well, not exactly nebulous wealth. He had minimal assets. Broke is what he was.

And here, Mr. Baker, we come to the crux of your advice to Miss Baines. Like all young marrieds starting from minus-scratch, my niece bought an apartment full of expensive furniture on time, a TV set on time, and a car on time. And recently a baby arrived on time. I made some small contribution to its future with a respectable little check and waited for the other shoe to fall.

It fell the other day when her letter arrived to tell me that the baby was doing fine. And went on to say: "Well, I know you're wondering why I'm writing." (By this time I wasn't wondering why but how much.) "We have lots of bills—rent, insurance, car needs fixing and so forth. I need $6,000." That's what it said—$6,000.

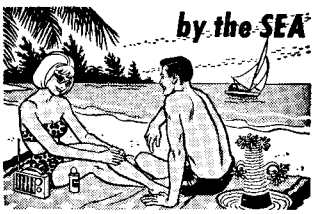
If the guy who wrote the song is wondering what's the matter with kids today I can tell him there's nothing the matter with them. They think big. They marry and start life at the top, charging everything to this credit cardboard world they inherited and may the devil take the hindmost. They start off Rockefeller and wind up eight ball, rising again through the years and looking back at their early common struggle which they then share in warm retrospection.

If Miss Baines follows your advice she will be deprived in her sunset days of the afterglow of the fling, the flung and up to the fling again—of high hope, low despair, and then final achievement. You go as you're gaited. And any advice one gives Miss Baines and her contemporaries isn't going to impress them. Not even if they start cutting down on their Pepsi and loosening their slacks.

No, Mr. Baker, my niece, love her, is starting off the right way. The hard way. What she doesn't realize is that by coming to her uncle for $6,000 she picked the hardest way of all. But what you're advising Miss Baines, love her, who ever she is, is to start married life in a personal Appalachia. She'd *never* get out of that. Not even if her uncle was President of the United States.

—Goodman Ace.

ISLAND HOMESITES
by the SEA



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*Three kinds of Little People described by Kevin Danaher in a recent number.

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TO STAND THERE

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And they'd usually start off with the same question: "What's a UniRoyal?"

And we'd always start off with the same answer: "UniRoyal, my friend, is the new worldwide trade-mark of the United States Rubber Company."

To which they'd invariably reply: "Why UniRoyal?"

To which we'd invariably reply: "Because UniRoyal tells more about the U.S. Rubber Company and what it makes today than 'U.S. Rubber' does."

At which point we'd see that they still didn't know what we were talking about.

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And, to further clear things up, we'd further explain that: " 'U.S. Rubber' also says 'Made in U.S.A.' to a consumer in Europe, Canada or Latin America. Which can cause a lot of confusion now that U.S. Rubber has 28 big manufacturing plants in 23 foreign countries."

"Oh!" they'd exclaim, the puzzled looks leaving their faces. "I see. U.S. Rubber needed a new international trade-mark; one that didn't say 'rubber' or 'U.S.' So they chose UniRoyal."

"Right," we'd answer. "We couldn't have stated it better ourselves."

UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

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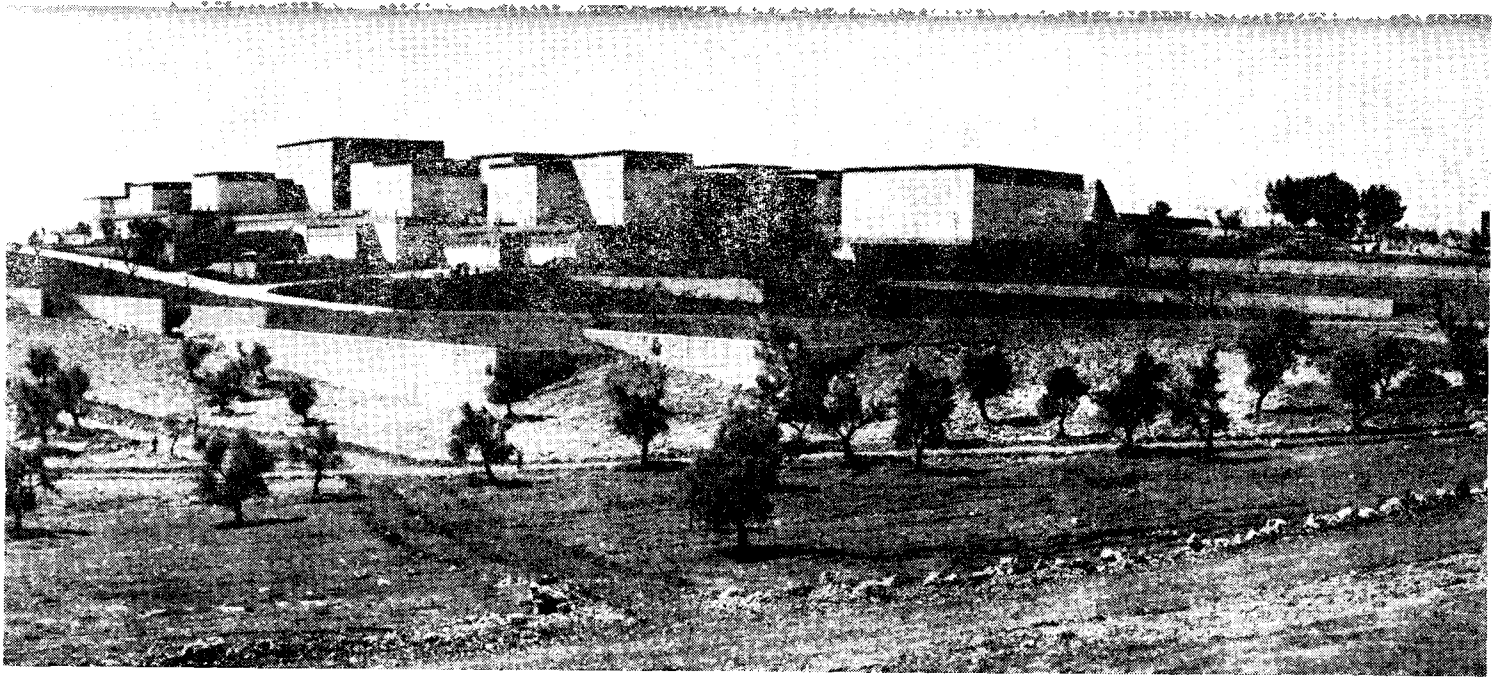

The Israel Museum, Jerusalem.

THE ART THAT HISTORY SHAPED

Rooted in a Dramatic Past, Israel's Artists Search Out Their Future

By KATHARINE KUH

JERUSALEM.

ON THE RIM of Makhtesh Ramon, a vast eroded gorge in the Negev, several immense sculptures remain from a recent international competition. Seen there against that ancient myth-soaked topography, these massive modern structures look like trinkets. Though present-day Israeli painting is determinedly abstract (perhaps in unconscious recognition of the ban against "graven images"), the country itself paraphrases many brands of art. There is the surrealist never-never land of salt-encrusted crags around the Dead Sea. There is the stark expressionism of Safad, a cabalistic city where medieval scholars minutely reinterpreted every shred of Jewish lore. There is the volatile impressionist light that bounces off the towers of Jerusalem and the humble cubist architecture of nearby Arab villages. Here pure geometric structures, clean and unadorned, take on the coloration of the land because they grow from the land and its needs, a lesson modern Israeli architects have yet to learn.

If ever a country could not be separated from its art it is Israel, a tiny strip of danger-fringed land where two stark realities are always present—lack of water and fear of invasion. In a single day it is possible to collide with four forbidding borders. To look across at the hills of Jordan, at the mountains of Syria and Lebanon, at the illogical Gaza Strip, at the other half of Jerusalem—a city literally ripped in two—and to realize that these areas are taboo is to understand why European cultures are stronger here than Near Eastern ones. The early influx of Zionist settlers from Eastern Europe had strong impact, too, though at present immigration is heavier from North Africa and Asia. Today Israel is a medley of so many peoples—Arabs, Druses, Christians, Sabras, and especially Jews, the latter from some seventy-odd countries—that in comparison America's melting pot seems homogeneous. Curiously, it is not Russian, Polish, or German art that has infiltrated Israel; it is almost exclusively art from the School of Paris, and this despite minimal immigration from France. Most contemporary painters elect to study in Paris either before or after they emigrate. Even now, a number of the country's outstanding artists are based there, Ardon temporarily, Castel intermittently, Arikha and Agam permanently.

FROM a state not yet eighteen years old, it is folly to expect a full-blown national art movement. In a pioneer land where immediate needs are vital, where water is an urgent issue, where housing must keep pace with a constant flow of immigrants from Asia, Europe, North Africa, and the Near East, where guarded borders are daily threats, where every sprinkler, every terraced vineyard, every new tree represents a superhuman effort, it will take time for art to achieve a personal imprint.

Toward this end, however, an important shot in the arm should come from Jerusalem's impressive Israel Museum, only recently installed in its handsome new home. Facing complexities shared by museums elsewhere, this institution must also cope with the coun-

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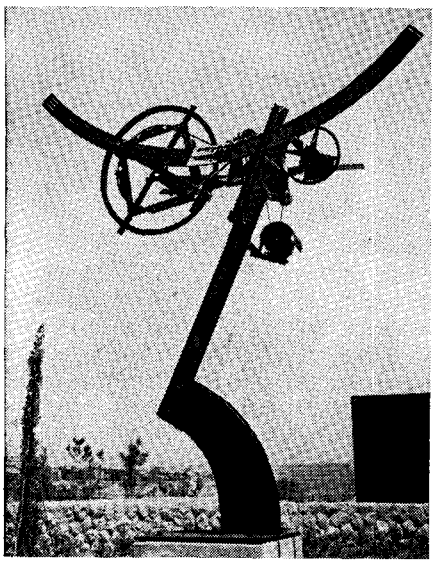
Bourdelle's "Warrior of Montauban," Sculpture Garden, Israel Museum.

try's incredible diversity. Take only the museum's senior staff and board of directors, a small group comprising people born in no less than thirteen countries – Austria, Poland, England, Israel, the United States, North Africa, Switzerland, Holland, Rumania, Persia, Iraq, Russia, and Germany. Then, too, there are tradition-bound Hassidic Jews in Israel who are closely tied to the orthodox laws of the past and who to this day oppose the use of human images. For them an art museum is a potential threat. The contradictions that divide these devout zealots, still dressed in semi-medieval ghetto robes, from their up-to-date sunburnt compatriots ignite into two conflicting worlds. Clashes are inevitable and frequent. Politics, social life, economics, and inevitably art are all affected. Divergent origins and opposed doctrines fill this small land with simmering tensions. As Teddy Kollek, chairman of the museum's council and recently elected mayor of Jerusalem, observed, "We're building a museum in a community with very little background in the fine arts. We have practically no collectors, no museum traditions. Three kinds of people visit the museum—tourists from other countries (about 100,000 in the last half year) people specifically interested in art and archeology, and people who have never even heard of a museum. This group, of course, includes school children." It also includes, as Mr. Kollek might have added, thousands of underprivileged immigrants from Tunisia, Morocco, and Iraq. Because Jewish worship has always been a mixture of sonorous chanting and searching self-dialogue, music and literature have taken root more readily than art.



Construction by Tinguely, Sculpture Garden, Israel Museum.

VISITORS pour into the museum. Almost a half-million have come since the new complex of buildings was opened some six months ago, an astonishing figure considering that Jerusalem's population is less than 200,000. Organized groups from all parts of the country wander through the ample outdoor sculpture garden designed by Isamu Noguchi. In itself a distinguished work of art, this partly walled, partly open area is conceived in terms of tilted space and subtle dipping perspectives. At one with the luminous landscape of Jerusalem, the hillside terraced garden makes history as a new kind of open-air architecture and as a unique setting for sculpture. Familiar bronzes by Rodin, Daumier, Bourdelle, Moore, Lipchitz, and Maillol have never looked better. And a sinewy construction, made by Tinguely on the spot and given to the museum by him, is a harmonious if surprising addition to Jerusalem's skyline.

Nearby is a small pavilion devoted to original plaster portraits by Jacob Epstein. A profusion of famous faces looks out at us with startling spontaneity. These sculptures, ingeniously installed on replicas of open packing cases, precisely as unfinished works should be seen, overflow the gallery and bring to life the personalities of artist and sitters, Winston Churchill and Chaim Weizmann among them.

Architecturally the new museum is almost as successful as the sculpture garden. Again beautifully geared to the landscape, it encompasses a complex of low-lying connected buildings that include a museum of fine arts and an archeological museum. Here, too, interrelated space and varied levels have meaning as one moves from section to section. Windows open on matchless views of Jerusalem, sometimes projecting

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works of art on the very soil that produced them. The building, designed by two Israeli architects, Alfred Mansfeld and Dora Gad, is flexible, capable of extensive growth, and fortunate in its lofty twenty-two-acre site, which it rides with authority. One need only compare the new Knesset (House of Parliament) on a nearby hill to appreciate the difference between organic and decorative architecture. No design could be less suited to the psychological meaning of government than the Knesset's flimsy approximation of a wedding cake.

Also part of the Israel Museum complex is the much-discussed Shrine of the Book, a separate structure designed by the American architects Frederick Kiesler and Armand Bartos to house the Dead Sea Scrolls and other pertinent material. Though this "temple" has been widely acclaimed, for me it is less architecture than romantic symbolism. The fragile scrolls scarcely need such pretentious overstatement to convey their message. Nor should they be worshipped in a "shrine," for they are pre-eminently great archeological finds, legendary to be sure, but more related to history than to Hollywood.

Still in the process of construction, a new Junior Wing will soon cater exclusively to children. Featuring exhibition areas, an auditorium, and working studios of all kinds, this project plans to coordinate its efforts with the country's schools. According to Karl Katz, chief curator of the fine arts museum, a special children's section is vitally needed in Israel if only to answer the needs of numerous unschooled new residents. As he puts it, "Through the children we hope to reach their parents, sometimes unreachable otherwise."

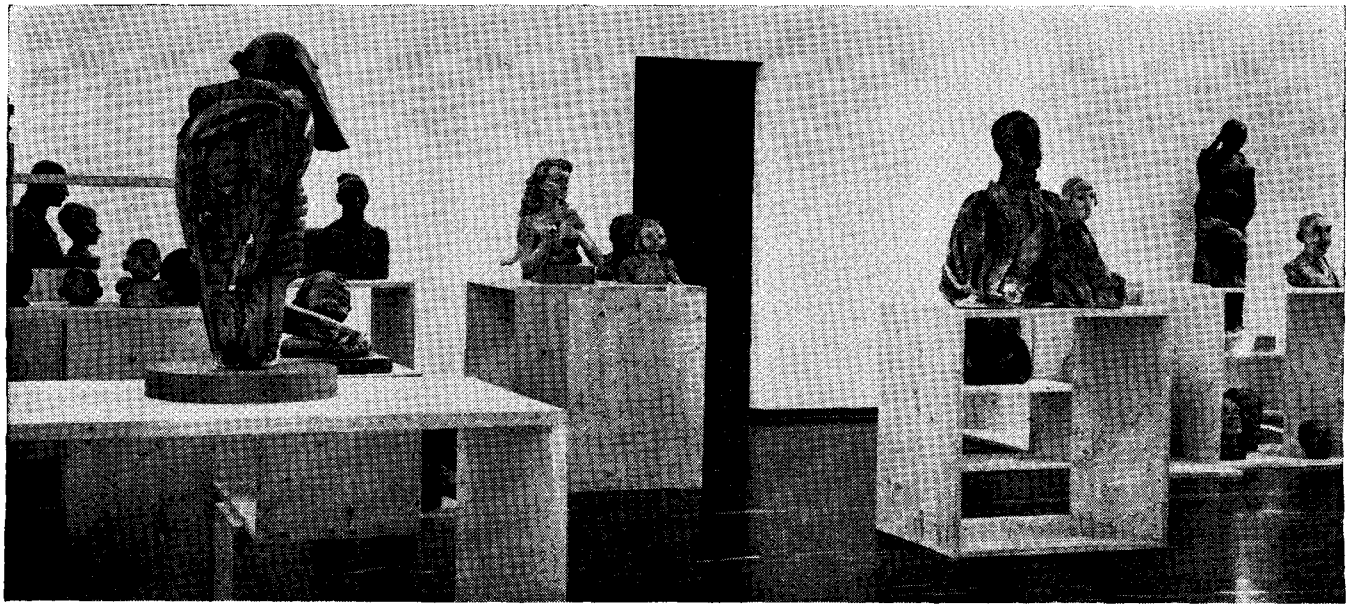
Because the museum does not as yet

Head of Gudea, Sumerian, about 2100 B.C., Israel Museum.

have an inclusive art collection, loan exhibitions are imperative. A series of one-man and group shows are being arranged by Willem Sandberg, until recently director of Amsterdam's Municipal Museums and now distinguished consultant to the Israel Museum. Topping his list is a retrospective survey of Klee, to be followed by a show of Picasso and later by an exhibition of a private American collection strong in Cézanne. For the newly organized art history classes at nearby Hebrew University, the value of these loan shows cannot be overestimated.

AT present the museum is wisely specializing in Jewish ceremonial art, modern sculpture, archeology, and in a modest but growing collection of graphics and paintings, the latter chiefly from the present century and often given by artists themselves. It is, however, the archeological section that comes off best and most fully reflects the country, a country gone mad on the subject of digs. Israel is an archeologist's paradise. Suburban ladies border their flower gardens with pottery shards; school groups swarm over excavated ruins; the foundations of any new house may turn up a masterpiece. Living as closely with these emerging antiquities as with emerging skyscrapers, the people are aware of their many-leveled heritage. For the wind of innumerable civilizations has blown over Israel, a land brushed by every twist of history. Hyksos, Canaanites, Egyptians, Philistines, Israelites, Greeks, Romans, Byzantines, Nabateans, Crusaders, Turks, Persians, Arabs, and, of course, Jews have all left their mark. Only the British in their brief day made no visible impact, unless an occasional moldering barracks might qualify. Discussing excavations in the Holy Land, archeologist James Ross, now working at Hebrew Union College in Jerusalem, points out, "No other civilization offers the tell phenomenon, which makes it possible to trace in one specific spot layer upon layer of civilizations as far back as 7000 B.C. and in as many as twenty-one levels." ("Tell," by the way, is an archeological term for the artificial mounds that cover ancient sites.)

Because the most important objects excavated in the country eventually come to the Israel Museum, this institution has emerged as an outstanding archeological showcase. Its future is virtually unlimited since the number of tells in the Holy Land is incalculable. Take Hazor alone, which is only partially excavated



Original plaster casts by Jacob Epstein in the Israel Museum.

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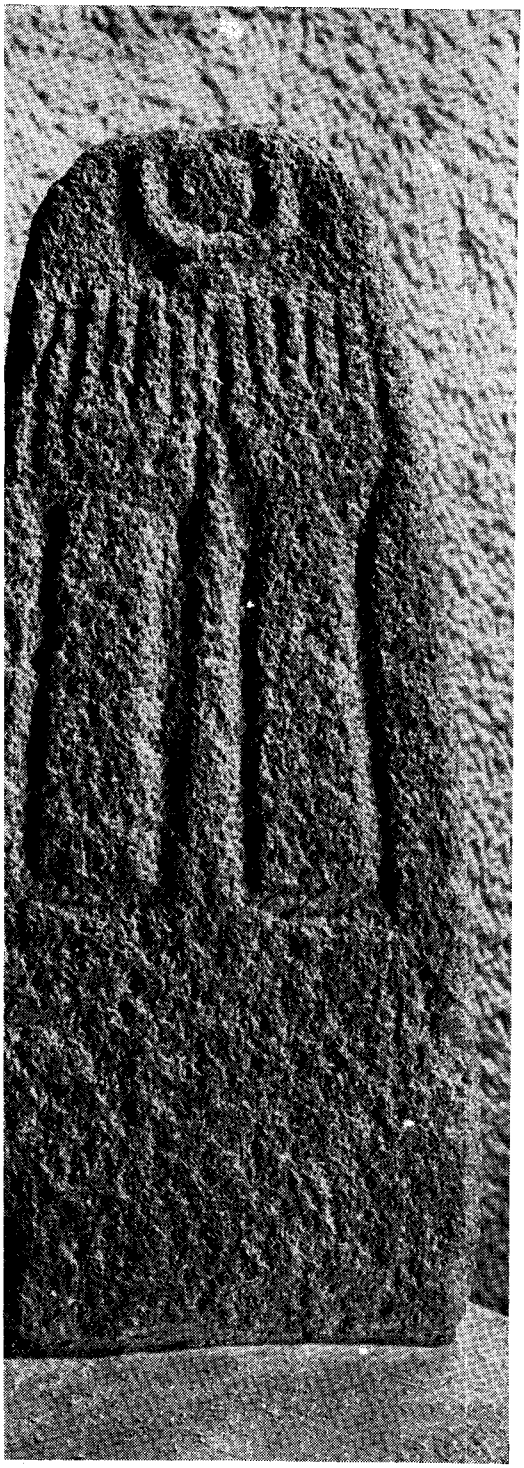

Basalt Stele with Praying Hands from Hazor, Canaanite, 14th-13th century B.C., Israel Museum.

and has already yielded rich finds. Located nine miles from the Sea of Galilee, this colossal site is one of the largest in existence, stretching in all directions and pleading to be investigated further. So far, work has been carried on for only three seasons, but even this short time has exposed more than twenty layers of intermingled civilizations. Certain specialists feel it could take centuries to uncover Hazor completely. Today it is an awesome experience merely to stand on top of the tell and realize that under one's feet the tangible history of nearly 5,000 years is stacked away.

As far as archeology is concerned, the Israel Museum has a built-in future. But in other fields it faces competition with long-established European and American institutions, a challenge which, if followed, could prove fatal, for the needs and limitations of Israel do not necessarily parallel those of Europe or America. At present, a wealthy donor's name is attached to each building, but as a rule these benefactors are not Israeli citizens. They live in the United States, Canada, or Europe, and are rarely involved in the day-by-day struggle to establish a significant national institution. Buildings are not enough; indeed, they can sometimes overpower a museum. One feels that now must come consolidation and a concerted effort to fill these new structures with carefully selected works of art, a feat that cannot be accomplished overnight. Merely to follow in the sometimes frenetic footsteps of American museums seems a pity. Statistics, speed, numbers, publicity—none of this really matters. Far more important is an overall plan for the future and a wise acquisition policy with quality its keynote. The point is not to fill every wall immediately but to recognize the realistic problems of a late start and deliberately to assemble an integrated collection. For collections depend on astute designers no less than do buildings.

Ancient art in Israel is sometimes more interesting historically than esthetically. This land, which constantly adapted itself to invading cultures, simplified imported art by assiduously eliminating strong emotions, human images, and complicated decoration. Since art forms rarely originated here, but were transplanted from other countries, the result was often provincial in the best sense of the word. The cultural invasion of Israel today is more financial than physical. One hopes the country will not succumb to foreign benefactors as it once did to foreign aggressors.

Though ruins in Israel rarely approximate the glamour of those in nearby Egypt and Greece, still the land offers sites of surpassing interest. Starting with extensive prehistoric caves near Haifa where remains of the paleolithic Galilee Man were found, and continuing up to the relatively recent Turkish walls of Acre, this town itself a small masterpiece, the country is interlaced with antiquities. Most visitors go to Caesarea for a brief look at the splendid Roman, Byzantine, and Crusader ruins. Fewer travel a bit out of the way to see the magnificently preserved amphitheater at Beth She'an, surely one of the finest Roman ruins in existence. An equally impressive monument is the Jewish necropolis at Beth Sha'arim on the road between Haifa and Nazareth. Discovered only in 1936, these prodigious catacombs with their skilled marblework and endless tunnels have turned up illuminating Talmudic revelations. Slowly, step by step, each new dig and each newly discovered scroll add unexpected dimensions to our knowledge of religious history. Near Jerusalem, in the all-Arab town of Abu Gosh, a view of Christian chronology unfolds. Surrounded by ancient scent-laden gardens, a well-preserved Crusader church built on Roman foundations dramatizes how much medieval architecture owes to Rome. Everywhere in Israel the indomitable stamp of the Roman Empire persists.

Perhaps the site that most fired my imagination is in the Negev: a biblical city called Arad that has only come to light within the last three years, though it dates back to 3500 B.C. Situated on a remote tell commanding a panoramic view of the wild, dun-colored desert, it is, as usual, only partially excavated. Yet through the eyes of the archeologist Ruth Amiran, who was one of the scholars responsible for this dig and who accompanied me there, I was able to envision a large thriving city. The fact that only massive stone skeletons remain to indicate carefully laid out streets and sizable houses did not interfere with the mirage. Here one realized that even thousands of years ago urban planning was practiced, for the entire lower section of Arad is oriented to catch every drop of precious desert rain. The investigation of tells in Israel is a heady occupation, a hypnotic mixture of science and illusion, detection and scholarship, intuition and wishful thinking.

Modern architecture is less interesting, despite or possibly because of the unprecedented amount of construction going on. Housing for new settlers springs up at record speed, but sometimes scars the landscape with unnecessary brutality. I cannot forget Nazareth, which for me is an architectural disaster. Above the old city, so closely identified with the land as to have veritably grown out of it, one sees a new, clinically sterile, high-rise town, awkward, disoriented, and unrelated to the climate of Israel. Modern architects blithely and, may I add, blindly ignore the country's Mediterranean heat and searing sunlight as

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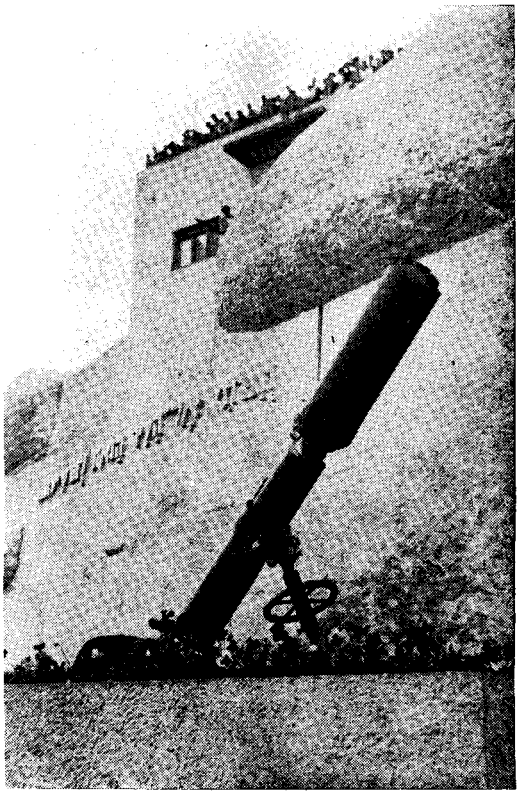


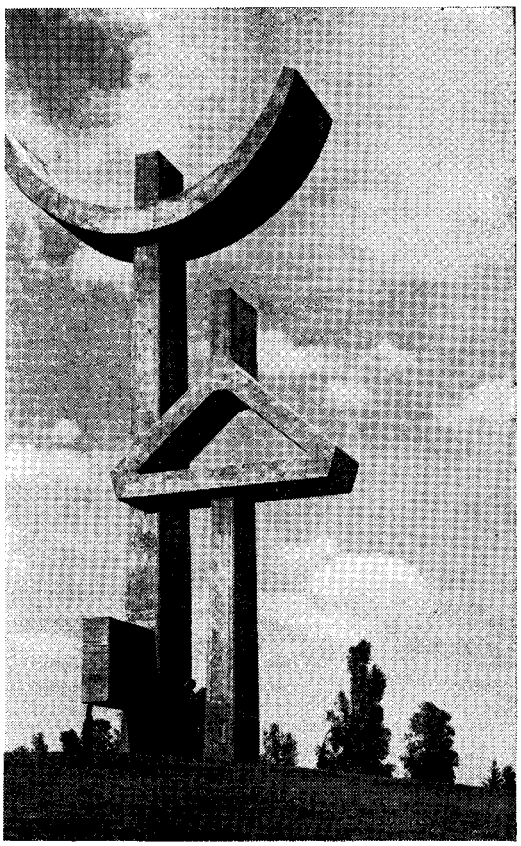
Davidka Monument, Jerusalem.

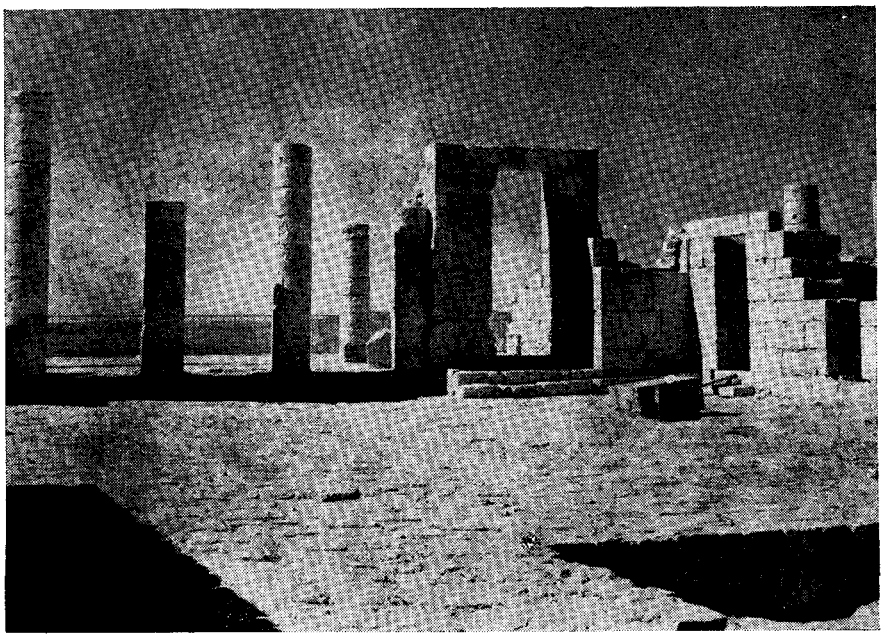
Bulletproof convoy transports left where they fell on the much fought-over Tel-Aviv-Jerusalem road.

they build routine European structures with glass predominating. In contrast, I recall a house in the Druse village of Daliyat el Karmil where I was taken by an artist friendly with a family there. An eighty-year-old Druse patriarch, living in a compound surrounded by nearly 100 descendants, was the sole member of the family still faithful to a traditional Arab house. On a warm day it was sheer delight to enter this protective structure molded like sculpture and made spacious by a large covered veranda facing the Carmel Range. One feels, alas, that this kind of indigenous architecture is doomed; even the old man was inordinately proud of his sons' new homes, all "epoque Grand Rapids."

If many of the new towns in the Negev are designed with appalling monotony, they are still symbols of incredible courage. To move whole populations into ready-made cities is no mean achievement, and to do so in the sandy, arid Negev is little less than heroic. Schools, clinics, factories, shopping areas, and repetitious, boxlike apartment buildings push out of the desert with demoniac speed. On occasion the water tower is not only the most crucial structure in the town; it is also the most interesting. Kiryat Gat, one of the larger new cities with a population of 30,000, is only ten years old, yet residents from seventy-two countries are already humanizing their environment by adding to and modifying the stock buildings they have inherited. The "children of Israel" are no longer "wandering in the wilderness," but here in the Negev

War Memorial at Beisan, by Alfred Mansfeld.





Avdat—Site of an ancient Byzantine and Nabataean civilization in the Negev.

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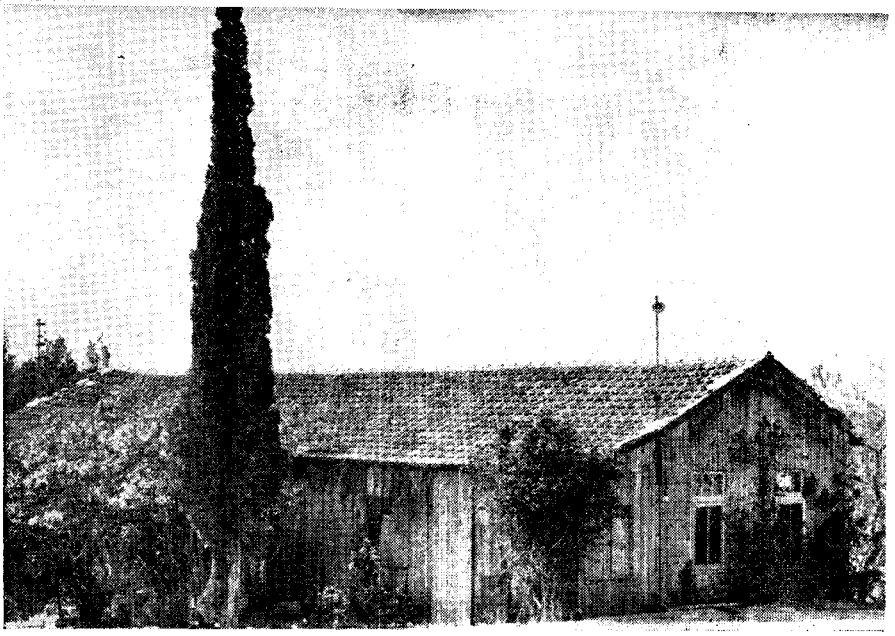
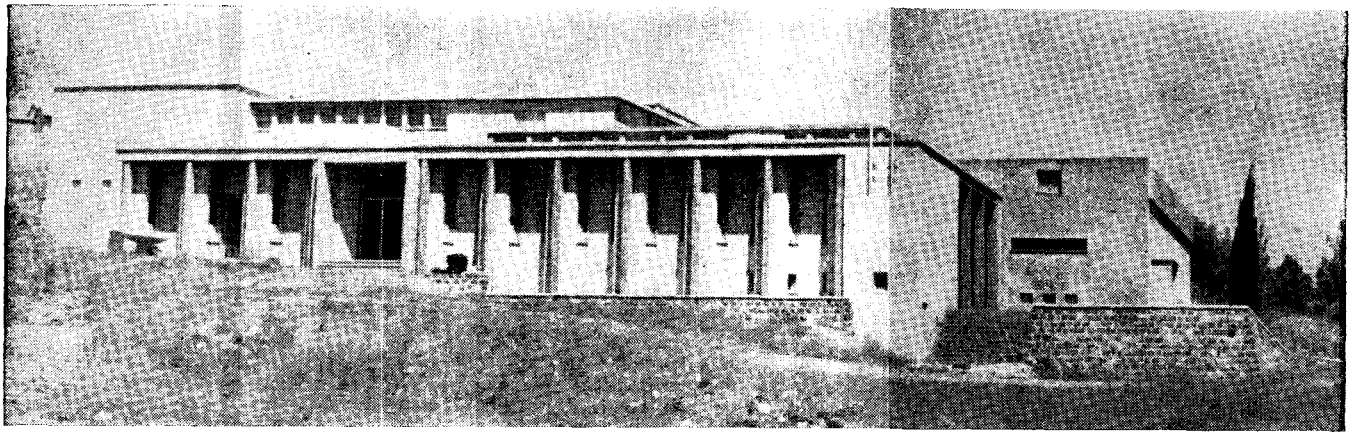


Art Museum at Kibbutz Ein Harod, 1951.

they are still enduring austere isolation.

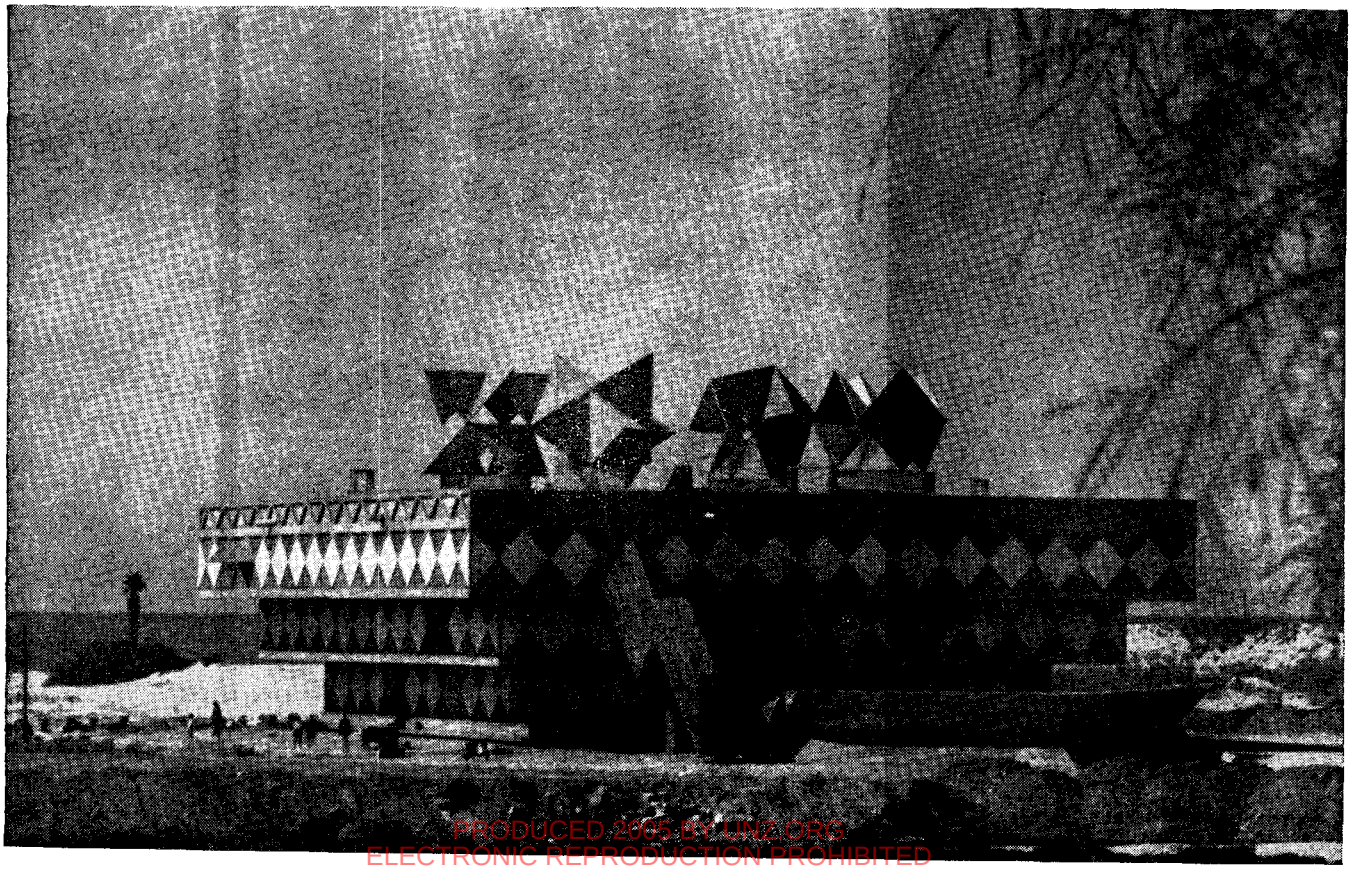
Further south, in the heart of the Negev, Beersheba is a rapidly growing phenomenon. Skyscrapers rise in the desert next to the Bedouin camel market where nomadic tribesmen congregate at daybreak every Thursday. These travel-poster contrasts are romantic, yet one feels that the past is on the way out, that soon the camel market will be little more than a tourist attraction. Already the government is building permanent settlements for the Bedouins. Whether this last remnant of confident masculinity will withstand its new security is doubtful. The symbol of one resolute little girl among 225 boys in a recently established Bedouin school may be prophetic. There she sat in a crowded, odoriferous classroom, a proud young feminist half-shy, half-sly.

Israel is not without modern buildings of interest but one rarely finds them in



Art Museum at Kibbutz Ein Harod, 1962.

Town Hall at Bat Yam.



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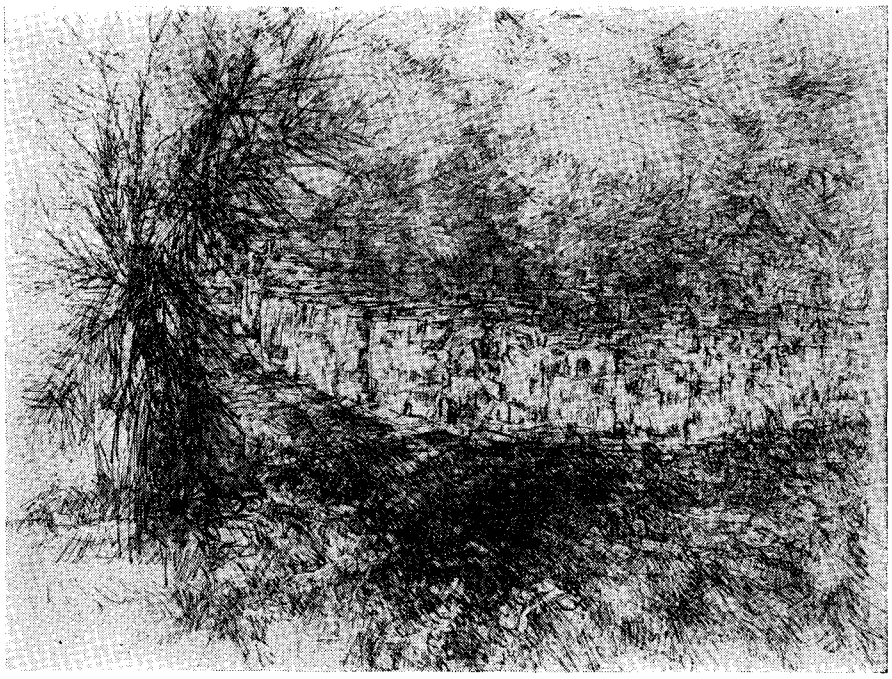
public housing developments or on school campuses. The universities in Jerusalem and Tel-Aviv, the Technion in Haifa, and Weizmann Institute at Rehovoth, an advanced scientific research center, have elicited little more than weak echoes of a hybrid international style. During late November, while leading a seminar at Hebrew University in Jerusalem, I was all but incinerated by a ubiquitous glass wall. What happens in summer is cruel to contemplate. Only the stimulation of an extraordinary group of students kept me on my feet. However, near Tel-Aviv in Bat Yam three Israeli architects, Alfred Neumann, Zvi Hecker, and E. Sharon have designed a new Town Hall memorable for its structural innovations and its adjustment to climatic needs. Shaped like an inverted Mesopotamian ziggurat, the building is composed of three stories, each cantilevered over the one below in order to provide protection from sun and glare. Certain external decorative details may seem superfluous, but the basic design of this structure, inherited from a long Middle Eastern tradition, is valid.

In addition to Jerusalem's handsome Israel Museum, the city can be proud of its new Shrine to the Jewish Holocaust in Europe. Built on a bald hill, this solemn, uncompromising monument called Yad Vashem is eminently suited to its tragic theme. Both inside and out one senses the heavy drums of sorrow. Rarely have I seen an architectural conception of such majesty. Concrete walls and immense weathered boulders imported from the Galilee keep all light out and suggest a kind of supernatural imprisonment. Abstract, welded iron entrance gates by the Israeli sculptor David Palombo appropriately evoke images of shattered lives.

There are other monuments in Israel, none as noble as Yad Vashem, but each a special tribute to pain or pride. At Beisan, Alfred Mansfeld has designed a towering forty-five-foot concrete structure dedicated to the men and women

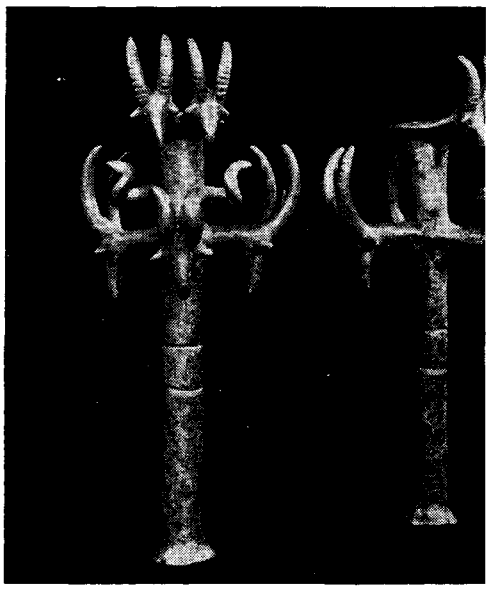


Drawing of Acre by Anna Ticho.

of that region who lost their lives in the War of Liberation. Inspired by ancient male and female symbols, this stark undecorated memorial speaks for itself, as do even more poignantly the bombed out bulletproof convoy transports left where they fell on the much fought-over Tel-Aviv-Jerusalem road.

The humble Davidka Monument in Jerusalem is another reminder of the War of Liberation. Here an old mortar seen against a heavy, partially carved stone wall becomes a new kind of pop art. Some of Israel's most impressive monuments take the form of forests planted in memory of outstanding events or people. The 60,000,000 trees that have been added since statehood are practical memorials, designed to control erosion, improve the climate, and beautify the country. One such forest is named after John F. Kennedy.

Tracking down the work of living Israeli artists is a frustrating job. In Tel-



Copper Standards, 4th Millennium B.C., Israel Museum.

Welded iron gates by Israeli Sculptor, David Palombo, at Yad Vashem, Jerusalem.

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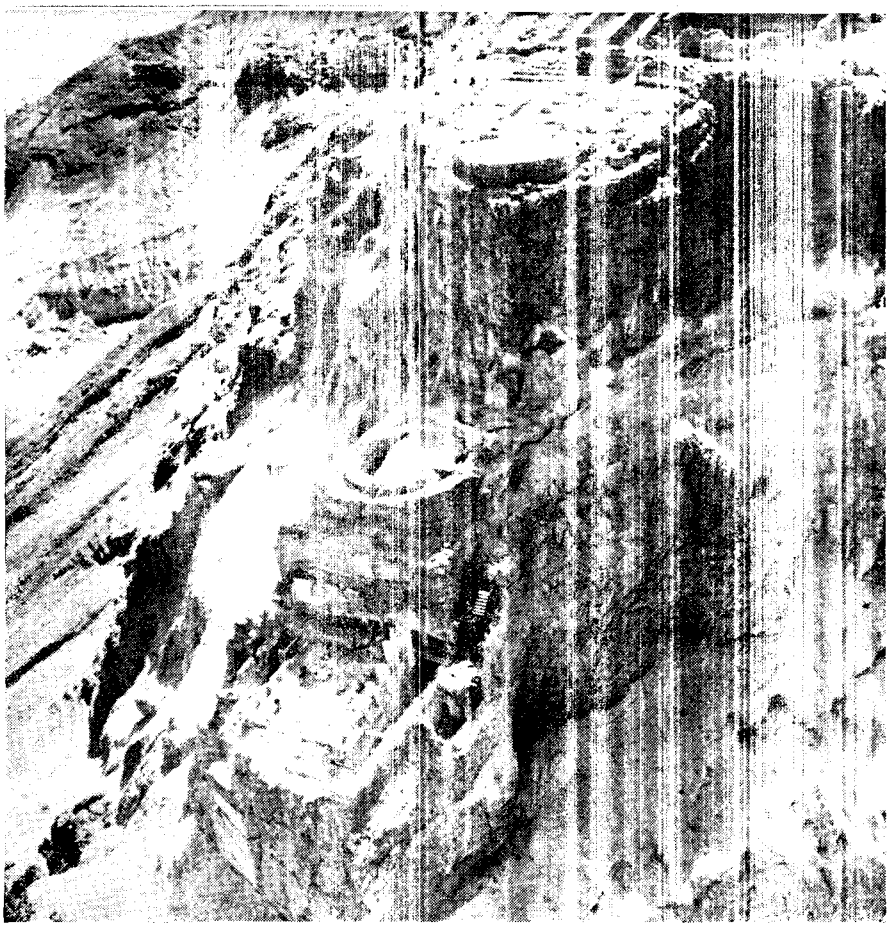


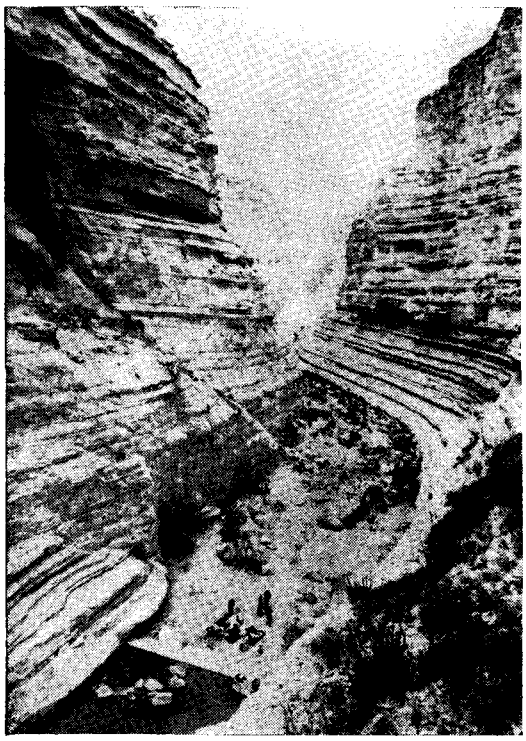
Masada in the Negev on a crag above the Dead Sea. Here were found scrolls from the first century A.D., also storerooms, a Jewish ritual bath, coins, even food remnants, bearing witness to the Roman siege of Masada.

Aviv, the country's largest city. I visited a number of museums but found no native contemporary painting or sculpture on view. The same was largely true in Haifa. Fortunately, in Tel-Aviv at the commercial Galerie Israel I was able to see the work of several promising modern artists, but as yet these men rarely reflect the dynamic toughness of the country. Though Israel is passionately nationalistic, contemporary painting is closer to Europe and especially to France than to the Holy Land. It takes time for art to grow from the roots of a country. For me two artists stand out, neither of them avant-garde, both of them veterans. Anna Ticho's drawings create a composite image of the landscape around Jerusalem. Every crinkled hill, every small twig, every hidden Arab village melds into detailed and yet curiously stenographic panoramas. Weblike calligraphic lines evoke but never describe this ancient land. Mordecai Ardon's work is less obviously related to Israel, yet his authoritative handling of sharp, fluctuating light belongs entirely to the Near East. Though born in Europe, both these artists have withstood the anonymous internationalism so prevalent in Israeli art and architecture today.

At Kibbutz Ein Harod a thriving museum devoted to Jewish art is housed in an excellent building. Here are found specific galleries permanently earmarked for contemporary Israeli art, the only survey of this kind I found in the country. If kibbutzim no longer act as the moral and social backbone of a fast-developing economy, paradoxically they now offer certain luxuries hard to find elsewhere. Still mostly agricultural, many of these 225 collective settlements have established lucrative, comfortably equipped guest houses comparable to good hotels. And museums are not infrequent, though few compare with the one at Ein Harod. I visited Kibbutz Hazorea and found there a beautiful gallery devoted to Far and Middle Eastern art. Administered with loving care by a member of the kibbutz whose chief work is in the settlement's plastic factory, this sensitive small museum is exemplary. At Kibbutz Kabri, the abstract sculptor Yehiel Shemi lives. Because he enjoys considerable success and numerous commissions, he has been freed of all communal work. Provided with a small home and a good studio, he sculpts full-time. The revenue from all sales goes to the kibbutz. Most artists, however, prefer the privacy and freedom of cities, where they need not adapt their work to the strict discipline of communal life.

Whether in kibbutzim or in urban centers, the museums of Israel are expertly installed. Take, for example, the charming separate pavilions that make up the Museum Haaretz in Tel-Aviv. Here, among fourteen projected pavilions that together will survey the civilizations of the eastern Mediterranean region, some are already completed, notably the glass museum, which is a small gem. Rare specimens of aged glass are shown so intelligently that even the most inexperienced layman begins to understand the evolution of this craft. In a nearby pavilion the same sympathetic care has been lavished on a historic coin collection. And soon a ceramic museum will open. One is constantly impressed by the dauntless energy that churns behind these multiple projects. In Israel, art and archeology are everywhere coming to life.

There are certain memories that persist. I remember the new town of Dimona in the Negev just as the sun was setting and the whole community, mostly Moroccan, was gathered in the public square for a funeral. I remember Anna Ticho's wonderful old house and gnarled, dripping garden. I remember her collection of Hanukkah lamps hanging in profusion on white walls. I remember the lacy drawing of a bird by a teen-age Turkish girl who is studying at a Tel-Aviv high school for children gifted in the arts. I remember Sodom in its dead, moonlike setting, as sinister as its proverbial reputation has us believe. I remember synagogues everywhere that resemble shabby clubhouses more than holy sanctuaries, and that set me to questioning why the Jewish religion, at once rational, ritual-ridden, and mystic, is so averse to sensuous visual experiences. Above all, I remember the fervent love for and pride in their country that most Israelis share, despite widely divergent origins.



Canyon in Israel's Negev Desert.

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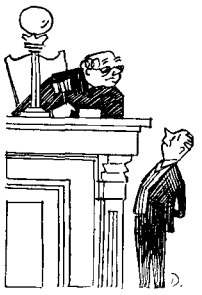
Justice in the Courtroom—Can the Poor Get It?



By GERTRUDE SAMUELS

See how yond justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change places; and, handy-dandy which is justice, which is the thief?—King Lear, Act IV, Sc. 6.

THE SIXTH AMENDMENT of the Constitution says that a person accused of crime "shall enjoy the right . . . to have the assistance of counsel for his defense." But when the poor, who comprise 60 per cent of all the defendants in criminal cases, come before the bar they generally receive as counsel an attorney appointed by the judge, who may use a list from the local bar association, or may choose from those who happen to frequent the court. There are examples of able appointed counsel giving conspicuous service to the poor. But the courts also appoint inexperienced young lawyers. Not unexpectedly, the contest is unfair to the accused when an inexperienced lawyer, with no funds to pay for investigation or expert testimony, is pitted against an aggressive, skilled prosecutor with extensive facilities and funds.

Justice is not being served in this country because there is a shortage of seasoned criminal lawyers to defend the poor. Concerned public leaders emphasize that Constitutional guarantees are realized by people with money but denied to people without it.

Throughout the nation fewer than 10 per cent of the 3,072 counties have public defenders for those who cannot afford to pay for a private attorney. (More than half of the counties that do are in California and Illinois.) The public defender is a licensed attorney and a public official whose office—like that of the district attorney—is created and paid for by the community. There is no difference between the duties of a P.D. to his client and those of the private attorney who receives fees, except that the public defender specializes in criminal law.

The public defender, financed by public funds, has an investigative and clerical staff and is able to pay for analysis of testimony by experts. The system permits the attorney to present adequately what should be presented on behalf of the defendant. Since the D.A. and the police invariably charge defendants with the most severe charge possible and ask for the most severe penalty possible, the P.D. fights against being excessively harsh with the accused. Only the uninformed believe that most of the accused are innocent, for the majority are ultimately convicted. But the public defender serves as a counterbalance to the awesome power of the public prosecutor. By eliminating the factor of financial stability and by providing experienced and competent defense, the public defender gives real meaning to a tenet of law—that the burden is on the prosecution to prove a man guilty beyond a reasonable doubt.

The first public defender office was created by the County of Los Angeles in 1912. Today it is the largest in the country (and is often cited as the best), a $1,200,000 operation serving a population of 6,700,000. Public defender P. D. Hovden rarely appears in court but is instead chief administrator of the system. On his staff are 110 deputy public defenders who do the court work, and a dozen investigators to check evidence, witnesses, and alibis in the field.

Ever since its creation, the Los Angeles system has been a regular department of the county government. Both the Public Defender and the District Attorney staffs are selected by civil service examinations. Both staffs enjoy the same salary scale. Virtually all the criminal court work for indigents in this country is handled by the Public Defender system. Civil work is left mainly to Legal Aid.

A RECENT tour of duty with deputy public defender Richard W. Erskine gave me a chance to study the system. I noticed, first of all, that Erskine has an organization behind him that supports him. The austere, granite-and-marble Hall of Justice in downtown Los Angeles houses the Criminal Division of Municipal and Superior Courts, the public defender's office, the district attorney's office, and the county jail. The 110 deputy public defenders occupy a score of modest offices; their investigators another area close by.

The range of Erskine's specialization is reflected in his caseload of the past twelve months: some 200 felony cases, ranging from murder and manslaughter, narcotics sales, burglaries, and forgeries down to bookmaking. Born in the mountain town of Kernville, California, he took his law degree at the University of California (Berkeley) in 1948, following a stint in the Coast Guard. Briefly, he went into private practice and engaged in research in the Appellate Court. But his interest was "in court action and people," and he was drawn to the public defender office. He took the civil service examination (sitting alongside other young lawyers planning to enter the district attorney's office) and started at Grade 1, $7,000 a year.

Now, at forty-five, a rumpled, reflective man with gray hair, he is one of the dozen-odd P.D.s in the top Grade 4 category ($19,000 a year) handling the more difficult trials, including those for murder. He is past president of the Public Defender and Legal Aid Association here.

The value of his training and experience was clearly evident at the first preliminary hearing in which I saw him in action. The defendant was an alleged narcotics offender, a slight man who slumped in his chair. Erskine introduced himself to his client and explained that this was not a trial but a proceeding to find whether there was enough evidence to hold him. The client's attitude, as he straightened up, told Erskine that all he needed to know was that he had a good man in his corner. Willingly, he gave Erskine the facts. The case was called.

The arresting officer in the witness box said under examination by the deputy district attorney that he and his partner had entered a tavern on a tip from an informant and searched the prisoner "for weapons." They had removed two marijuana cigarettes and a packet of papers from the man's trousers pocket. As the officer started to report a "conversation" that he said he had with the defendant, Erskine jumped to his feet and objected to the officer's testimony.

He cited the case of *The People vs. Amos* as the foundation for his objection "because there was no probable cause for an arrest." Judge Vincent Erickson, a former assistant U.S. Attorney, leaned forward, interested. (In California, the police could formerly search almost anyone at will if they suspected any kind of illegal activity. But the courts have developed the theory of inadmissibility in evidence of the products of such searches, to protect constitutional rights against "unreasonable" search and seizure.) Judge Erickson said that he wasn't fa-

(*Continued on page 47*)

The author of this article, a staff writer for the *New York Times Magazine*, specializes in social and legal problems.

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Saturday Review

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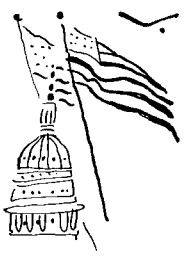
No Time for Haste

PRESIDENT JOHNSON'S proposal to extend terms of members of the House of Representatives from two years to four is understandably popular with the Congressmen themselves and, if the Gallup Poll is substantially correct, with two-thirds of the electorate as well. The President, urging swift action, told Congress the other night that the present two-year term "requires most members of Congress to divert enormous energies to an almost constant process of campaigning—depriving this nation of the fullest measure of their skill and their wisdom." A longer term, the President argues, would attract more men of the highest quality to political life since they would have greater security and would not be forced constantly to go home and mend fences, but could concentrate their re-election activities in those years divisible by four.

But flexibility and fluidity must ever be the watchwords of government in an atomic age. Before Congress too hastily alters the intricate system of checks and balances that have worked reasonably well in the American government system, we strongly urge caution and the most careful debate rather than the "swift action" the President requests. The two-year House term was not a quixotic, offhand notion, and to fix our legislative processes into a less subtle and more rigid form might be a disastrous mistake in the atomic age.

The Founding Fathers had sound reasons indeed for placing the House of Representatives on a biennial basis, reasons as true today as they were in 1787. A lower house elected every two years more perfectly reflects the changing moods of the common people than one that stays in office for the same four years as the President. One does not have to go back further than 1928 to realize the sensitivity of the electorate to rapidly changing political and economic conditions, for had Herbert Hoover's majority remained intact in the House until the eve of the Inauguration of Franklin Roosevelt, no one knows how near open revolution the country might have come. Similarly, the biennial election reflects much more swiftly and accurately changing population patterns. Faced with a four-year wait until redress, many exploding urban areas might gradually be disfranchised at times when such highly metropolitan issues as civil rights, public housing, air pollution, and integrated transportation were being debated and voted on in an unrepresentative House.

Flexibility was the keynote and cornerstone of the federal Constitution. Those wise souls who produced the incredible document sought checks and balances wherever they could find them so that no one man or branch of government could force a foolishness permanently on the common people. Members of the House have always been elected every two years by popular vote, but Senators were elected by the state legislatures as recently as 1913. And the continuous overlap of the six-year Senate term with three separate and much more sensitive Houses did not result from chance or whim but came about after great deliberation and as a careful compromise between the big states and the small.



Under the British political system, a majority in Commons can come tumbling down at any time under the stress of public dissatisfaction with an issue or trend. Popular as he was, Churchill suddenly was no longer His Majesty's First Minister when, as World War II drew to a close, the British people felt that the time was ripe for domestic reform and that Labor could accomplish it faster than Tory Churchill. This sensitivity to issues is vital to the democratic system, though it can induce bad overtones sometimes through the constant bickering of the opposition. But since the U.S. legislative system does not even have this much sensitivity to the pressures of new issues and new equations in an atomic world, any measure designed to reduce representative sensitivity by a longer House term should be debated carefully and thoughtfully and not be rammed through by voice vote without thought for the consequences to the checks and balances originally intended in the bicameral philosophy.

Bicameral legislation historically recognized the distinction between the nobility and clergy—the lords and ladies of inherited wealth and position—and the common people. The dualism now prevalent throughout the democratic world is, fundamentally, an application of the principle of checks and balances that the Jeffersons, Madisons, Franklins, and Marshalls foresaw when they wrote and interpreted the early Constitution. Not the least of the reasons behind their logic in a two-year House term based on population and a six-year Senate term giving equality to every state was this very check-and-balance philosophy for which no better substitute has ever been devised. Adding to the formula the executive branch, replaced each four years, and a judiciary more or less permanent and traditional, we seldom face the embarrassment of harsh and hasty legislation or, on the other hand, of a Congress totally incapable of action at a time when action is vital. With a four-year House term this balance might be upset.

In any case, we ought to talk out thoroughly and logically any drastic change in the highly workable government equation we have built by now.

—R.L.T.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Debating Points

In his article "Why We Can't Withdraw" [*SR*, Dec. 18], Leo Cherne says, "We are in Vietnam, not to sustain a particular government. . . ." He is safe in saying that, since we've already had seven or eight. One of our official reasons once was that we are there because we were invited in by the government. As for the one that invited us, we perhaps had a hand in overthrowing it. Where is the logic in that?

Mr. Cherne is so concerned about a bloody purge. What does he think is going on there now, and when will it end? We wonder how many of the 700,000 refugees he depicts as fleeing from the Vietcong are actually fleeing our bombing. How many villages have the Vietcong bombed? What can the poor people do after their homes are destroyed and the heads of their families killed? He asks if we are going to leave these refugees to a hopeless fate. He doesn't mention all the new refugees we are going to create.

And if we stop the war there, what a terrible effect this will have on forty other nations bound to us in alliance! Why doesn't Mr. Cherne make us a list of those nations who have come forward asking us to keep this war going?

Mr. Cherne keeps pursuing one major point: we are fighting Chinese plans to capture the world. Even if I believed that, something within me revolts at the idea of bombing non-Chinese villages—women, children, aged, and infants—to stop the Chinese. That is one I simply cannot swallow. (The Rev.) J. L. Hartz.
Clinton, Mo.

Your recent article by Leo Cherne ought to be read by every one of the draft-card burners and the bearded peaceniks. It's one of the most persuasive arguments I've seen for our stand in Vietnam.

R. Wellington Smith.
Los Angeles, Calif.

No Limit

My attention has been drawn to Horace Sutton's discussion of "The New Prohibition" in your December 11 issue. Mr. Sutton describes his experiences upon arriving in Los Angeles from Mexico and comments on the confusion that he asserts has been created by the revision of that portion of the Tariff Act of 1930, as amended, that provides for personal exemptions from tax and duty allowed on liquor importations claimed as a part of the exemption.

There is no specific limitation under federal law on the quantity of alcoholic beverages that may be imported by a returning resident for personal or household use, provided the federal tax and duty are paid. The federal quantity limitation restricts only the amount that may be imported free of tax and duty under the personal exemption provisions. . . .

However, under the Twenty-first Amendment to the Constitution and other provisions of federal law, customs officers are not permitted to release alcoholic beverages destined to any state for any purpose which is in violation of state laws. Under California law alcoholic beverages may be brought into the state only by a licensed importer, except that a person arriving in California by common carrier may bring into that state the quantity of alcoholic beverage to which he is entitled under his customs exemption.

Since state laws vary widely and are subject to frequent change, and since there is no way of insuring that airport liquor vendors such as the one who advised your writer, or others in similar positions, will give accurate and complete information as to the requirements of federal and state law, some misinformation and confusion can be expected. We can only continue to advise travelers to check on state liquor laws, as we do in the pamphlet "Customs Hints for Returning Residents," which contains an enclosure showing the new requirements. This pamphlet is available in every customs office. . . .

While I regret that your writer's experience with customs on this occasion was not entirely pleasant, I believe that the actions of the officers concerned were in accordance with their responsibilities in the enforcement of applicable state requirements. I hope that future contacts with customs by members of your staff will be recalled more pleasantly.

Lester D. Johnson,
Commissioner of Customs.
Washington, D.C.

"Who is it?"

Ticket Tactics

Your thorough examination of the Broadway theater-ticket situation [*SR*, Jan. 22] is to be applauded. Henry Hewes's proposal that a regulating body be set up within the industry to control ticket distribution is as necessary as was the League of New York Theatres' recent action in retaining a public relations firm for a campaign in that direction. But no magic formula, no public relations campaign, will succeed unless a supplemental plan to improve and perfect ticket distribution is mounted simultaneously.

Theater owners and producers must coordinate their sales efforts, must set policy at a central point, as is done in the travel business through its national and international conferences. Such a conference, where the theater is concerned, could function in the following manner:

1) Allocate all theater tickets on an equitable basis, and on merit.

2) Have the power to franchise or disfranchise all ticket brokers or distributors, and initiate new sales and distribution outlets.

3) Initiate a preferred ticket plan featuring higher prices and choice seats for those who want them.

4) Set up rules and regulations, prescribe all accounting methods for all distributors, and have the power to inspect their books at any time.

5) Guarantee an annual salary for contractual box office employees and house managers.

Most important, there is need of an operating head, with an intimate and unusual knowledge of the box office and personnel end of the theater, a man who is an expert in sales promotion and public relations, and who has extreme personal courage.

Charles Bloomfield.
New York, N.Y.

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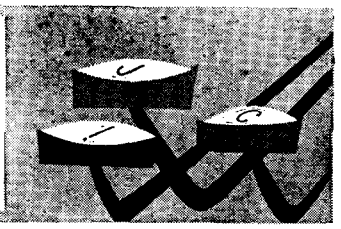
Manner of Speaking



Two Lectures and a Few Flourishes

I. On Pico della Mirandola

Pico della Mirandola, when he was nineteen,
spoke twenty-two languages. He was then at the court
of Lorenzo de Medici, the gilded Florentine,
in honor of whom he offered to retort
to any seven hundred questions proposed
by the sages of all nations, and to do so
in the language of the asker. It must be supposed
they could not make it to Florence just then, for Pico
remained untested, as all accounts agree.
The date he set was 1483.

Three years later, to honor his lord and friend,
he compiled from Arabic, Hebrew, and Classic sages
nine hundred theses he would rise to defend
in instant disputation. Alas, the wages
of intellect and vaudeville equally
are spent in travel: the High Inquisition,
twitching its low nose, sniffed out heresy:
Pico abandoned Florence and disquisition
and traveled to other parts for his health's sake.

He had too much at stake, and at the stake,
to stay and argue, though, as you may have guessed,
he felt some slight. Not to himself alone
but to all intellect. Was, in fact, depressed
by what the honest mind must yet atone
of the world's fault. And yet shall merit be
triumphant—for a price.
Whoever paid it,
he was absolved in 1493
by the Pope himself (who had been, before he made it,
Rodrigo Lenzuolo Borgia, and who had brought
nothing to office that could not be bought
as he had bought it.)
Can the man of mind
find propositions here to call him forth
to towering exhortation? Or do we find—
with Savanarola perhaps—that a man's worth
is lessened at the stake?
Toward a half hope,
I defend Pico who, though he talked too high,
revised low. Buy from the world. When a Borgia's Pope
buy from the Borgias. But be prepared to buy.
To buy or burn. Unless, of course, you are
enlightened by being lit, cheered when you char.

(In which case, you may share the glory art is,
and some of my admiration, and all of Sparta's,
but first see, *passim*, Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*.)

II. Three Borgias

Now, having thus discoursed on things pertaining
to Pico and to Alessandro Sesto,
to intellect, and to the still remaining
uncertainties every honesty must confess to
between conceived idea and the real seizure
a world becomes when licensed from the bed
that bore, then shoke to, Caesar and Lucrezia—
having thus discoursed, though with much unsaid,
let me add to those instances that mind
must weigh like diamonds, these addenda: One:
Caesar and Alessandro, both inclined
to politic poisoning, drank off their own potion
by such an error as lets reason hope
for its renewal, and lets morals grow.
Poisoner, watch the cup. Exit one Pope.
And enter, then, addendum Two: although
Caesar drank the same wine, his strength was such
(combined with antidotes he understood)
he did not die, although he suffered much.
His cure was centered in four posts of wood
set firmly in his chamber floor. Each day
a live bull was led in. Thrown on its back,
one leg lashed to each post, the red beast lay,
a two-foot slit cut in its belly's slack
and its intestines drawn. Into the skin
of the still pulsing beast Caesar was sealed
up to his neck. There in delirium in
the blood bath of the beast, the beast was healed.
Which leaves, as footnote to some history
an image of the species in its tub,
confounding all such morals as will be
drawn from more blood than mind may hope to scrub,
though mind must work at it or not be mind.
Caesar died, fighting for nothing, not much later.
So to addendum Three: two died, we find
Lucrezia baffling every explicator
of moral balances by living on,
a duchess, honored, and with no regrets
(at least none showing).—And so ends no sermon
but only fact compiled in three vignettes,
footnoted on three tombs, and filed away
where every bone is mankind demonstrated
and so some piece of truth—if we could say
which truth of what each bone once illustrated.

—John Ciardi.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Trials of the Uncommitted

PERHAPS because of the years he spent in writing thrillers—"entertainments," he has called them—Graham Greene is a master of the opening that lays hold on the reader's attention. In *The Comedians* (Viking, $5.75), after a paragraph that foreshadows the death of someone named Jones, he introduces three of his principal characters—Jones, Brown, and Smith—who are passengers on a ship bound for Haiti. Smith, who is accompanied by his wife, is an earnest American do-gooder, once (in 1948) Presidential candidate of the Vegetarians. Brown, who serves as narrator, is uncertainly returning to Port-au-Prince, where he had and perhaps has a hotel and a mistress. Major Jones, as he styles himself, is a man of dubious antecedents, mysterious intentions, and a pleasant disposition.

These three men are comedians in Greene's sense of the term; that is, they are uncommitted. "They play their parts —respectable or shady—in the foreground: they experience love-affairs rather than love; they have their enthusiasms—like Mr. Smith for his vegetarian center—but not a faith; and if they die, they die by accident."

The Haiti they are approaching is the Haiti of Doctor Duvalier, a country of poverty, exploitation, and terror, ruled over by the dictator's secret police, the Tontons Macoute. Always fascinated by the evil of which human beings are capable, Greene shows the Duvalier régime as the expression of evil in a remarkably pure form. Yet Brown regards the evil as no affair of his, while Smith is, at first, too innocent to recognize it, and Jones is not averse to making a deal.

The action begins promptly when Brown accidentally encounters his former mistress, Martha Pineda, wife of a South American diplomat, and then finds in the swimming pool of his hotel the body of a member of the Duvalier cabinet, who has killed himself. The hotel, we learn, Brown inherited from his mother, and for a time, before the terror, it prospered. Brown, though he sees no future for either his love affair or his hotel, tries to hold on to both.

While the action steadily moves forward, there is talk about comedy and comedians. Brown, chatting with the ambassador, husband of Brown's mistress, speaks of himself as a comedian. The ambassador says, "Come on, cheer up, let us all be comedians together. . . . Perhaps even Papa Doc is a comedian." Henri Philipot, son of the minister who has committed suicide, breaks in: "Oh, no. He is real. Horror is always real." The ambassador continues: "We mustn't complain too much of being comedians—it's an honorable profession. If only we could be good ones the world might gain at least a sense of style. We have failed—that's all. We are bad comedians, we aren't bad men."

After her husband has said this, Martha cries out, "For Christ's sake, I'm no comedian." Later she says to Brown, "I exaggerated, didn't I? But all that talk irritated me. It made every one of us seem cheap and useless and self-pitying. Perhaps we are, but we needn't revel in it." On another occasion she speaks of Doctor Magiot as a Communist. Brown replies, "I envy him. He's lucky to believe. I left all such absolutes behind me in the chapel of the Visitation." Because of his Catholic upbringing, Brown understands the nature of commitment though he is not capable of it.

Magiot, a Communist only in some theoretical fashion, is committed to resisting the evil of the Duvalier regime. So is young Henri Philipot, who joins a band of rebels on the border between Haiti and the Dominican Republic. Brown admires both men, and so, obviously, does Greene, but Greene is too wise to assume that commitment is a good per se. Martha Pineda points out that her father, who was a Nazi leader and a hanged war criminal, had strong convictions. The Smiths, who are ultimately disillusioned with Haiti but who do not lose their faith in mankind, may be heroic, as Brown admits, but they remain more than a little ridiculous. In *The Quiet American*, one remembers, it is hard to choose between the detached but intelligent Fowler and the well-intentioned but dangerously blundering Pyle.

Brown speculates on a possible defense for the comedians: "The rootless have experienced, like all the others, the temptation of sharing the security of a religious creed or a political faith, and for some reason we have turned the temptation down. We are the faithless; we admire the dedicated, the Doctor Magiots and the Mr. Smiths, for their courage and their integrity, for their fidelity to a cause, but through timidity, or through lack of sufficient zest, we find ourselves the only ones truly committed—committed to the whole world of evil and of good, to the wise and to the foolish, to the indifferent and to the

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mistaken. We have chosen nothing except to go on living. . . ."

Yet the last word is given to the committed. Jones has died, as we were told in the first paragraph, died bravely and in a good cause, but still without recognizable commitment. At his funeral a young priest says, "The Church condemns violence, but it condemns indifference more harshly." And Doctor Magiot, before being killed by Duvalier's agents, has written Brown: "Catholics and Communists have committed great crimes, but at least they have not stood aside, like an established society, and been indifferent. I would rather have blood on my hands than water like Pilate."

The story is told with all of Greene's skill—and there is no more skilful novelist alive today. As always, he renders brilliantly the scene of the novel, and he writes with sustained wit. When, for instance, early in the story, Mr. Smith appears without Mrs. Smith, Brown remarks that "he looked unnaturally detached, like one of the figures in a weather-house without the other." Again, Brown says of himself, "As other boys fought with the demon of masturbation, I fought with faith." In discussing the boasts of the Duvalier régime, he observes, "Hurricane Hazel in '54 had eliminated a great deal of illiteracy in the interior."

What seems to me new in the novel is the breadth of sympathy that Greene shows. If he holds up the committed for our particular admiration, he makes a case for Smith and Jones and even Brown. He seems to recognize, as he has not in most of his books, that, though evil is evil, there are many kinds of good. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1173

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1173 will be found in the next issue.

UBY XMYGUYDU LA AGNQUD,

W DBLNQZ DGF, WD UL KY

HLCDHWLND LA CLCY.

—HGMQFQY

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1172

A hen is only an egg's way of making another egg. —SAMUEL BUTLER.

European Literary Scene

T. S. Eliot's final say on criticism, a posthumous volume entitled *To Criticize the Critic* (Faber and Faber), proves that as a speculator in literature he remained to the end as brilliant and elusive as ever. One thinks of the typical concluding disclaimer of his early essay on "The Function of Criticism": "If anyone complains that I have not defined truth, or fact, or reality, I can only say apologetically that it was no part of my purpose to do so, but only to find a scheme into which, whatever they are, they will fit, if they exist." Even this last sentence was written tongue in cheek, for in eleven pages Mr. Eliot had neither articulated the schema mentioned nor really defined the function announced in his title. Americans got a taste of the will-o'-the-wisp intellectuality of Eliot when he taught at Chicago and could unsettle students by declaring that two contradictory summations or evaluations of a literary work were each correct. This was considerably after the time he had abandoned "the extreme position that the only critics worth reading were the critics who practiced, and practiced well, the art of which they wrote." Students, and some men of letters as well, began to feel that Eliot himself was a prime example justifying such abandonment.

To Criticize the Critic, a collection of essays composed late in his life, is provoking many of the old objections to Eliot as critic. The reviewer in the *Times Literary Supplement* is most unhappy: "Bored with the fashions which sprang up as a result of unthinking deference to his prestige, irritated by the academic ossification of his living insights, he seems to have lost interest in criticism and allowed it to become merely an exercise in diplomacy." He even charges Eliot with rudeness for the following witticism: "I do not know whether Auden is to be considered an English or American poet; his career has been useful to me in providing me with an answer to the same question when asked about myself, for I can say, 'Whichever Auden is, I suppose I must be the other.'" To find rudeness in these words is as nonsensical as finding it in Hemingway's comment when someone found objective correlatives in his prose: "Mr. Eliot works his side of the street and I work mine."

What critics and students alike overlook about this magnificent poet who dabbled brilliantly in criticism is that

his head was not always in the clouds. Editor friends of mine at Ginn and Company, London, always respected him as a practical competitor during his many years as a director of Faber and Faber.

Thanks to Peter Weiss, Heinar Kipphardt, and Felix Lützkendorf, the political theater brews heatedly in Germany. Two of these are again concerned with what the dramatist Nelly Sachs entitled *Das Leiden Israels.*

Theatre Heute's annual supplement summarizing 1965 whetted our appetites by including extracts of Weiss's *Die Ermittlung* (*The Inquest*), a stage report on the Auschwitz trials that dragged on in Frankfurt from 1963 to the end of last summer. Weiss, who is turning out to be more articulate about his work than most playwrights, calls it an "oratorio in eleven numbers." It dramatizes the trial of the guards, administrators, and doctors of Auschwitz. The first performance was presented just before the year's end simultaneously in sixteen theaters of the Federal Republic. Such large-scale staging necessitated its being presented in a few cases merely as a dramatic reading. Again stealing a march on us, the English (the Royal Shakespeare Company) have already launched it as *The Investigation* at the Aldwych Theater. Author and publisher (Suhrkamp, Frankfurt) have both announced that they will donate all proceeds to a fund for the victims of the Nazis.

Die Ermittlung is treated as "living theater" in the traditional Piscator manner: that is, Weiss makes very few alterations in the trial records. Similar attempts were made most recently in

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Vilar's French and Kipphardt's German versions of the Oppenheimer hearings. As the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* explains, "Weiss pieces together a picture of the camp and what happened there from the questions and answers of the trial. The form of an 'oratorio' was chosen to show that speakers on the stage are not enacting a real interrogation from the Frankfurt trial, but to present this very important event as a criticism, reminder, and warning." Not a play within a play, like *Marat/Sade*, but a trial within an oratorio. Let us hope that we shall not have to wait so long for this play as we did for *Marat/Sade*, first summarized in this column in October 1964.

Weiss is not the only dramatist producing political shockers in Germany this season. Heinar Kipphardt's play *Joel Brand* recalls the 1944 attempt of the Gestapo to barter a million Hungarian Jews for 10,000 English trucks. A final topical play, by Felix Lützkendorf, gives away its content by its title: *Dallas, 22 November*. The protagonist is Lee Harvey Oswald, whose career is traced through its successive stages: Marine Corps, Moscow (where Oswald wishes to renounce his citizenship), Minsk (where he works and meets Marina), and, finally, Texas. Even though the Aachen production met with mixed reviews, the play may help lay to rest some of the more fantastic European theories about James Bond-like conspiracies behind the assassination.

New books about Vietnam appearing in Europe do not seem to be improving the American image. Naturally, the French, having fought on the same plains and hills, are the most attentive. Flammarion has published *Les Américains face au Vietcong: qui sont les barbares?*, by the Swiss writer Fernand Gigon. M. Gigon tries to be objective and ends up pessimistic. He does not blame America for its interest, but holds that the pretext for our intervention was unjustifiable. Millions of bombs cannot win the war, he feels; at best America can hold some of the urban areas; China will never let the war come to an end. When Gigon suggests that the barbarians mentioned in his subtitle are really the Americans, who hang dying men, Victor Buarde of *Nouvelles littéraires* is moved to object: "Has he forgotten the most recent history experienced by the civilized peoples of the European West?"

Jean Lartéguy's *Un Million de Dollars le Viet* (Solar) expresses the nostalgia of a veteran who was once a centurion in Indo-China, who loves the country and the people. He is sure that America, with her great striking power, cannot succeed where France failed, and that the war threatens to go on forever. Gallimard has published the Australian Wilfred Burchett's *La seconde résistance: Vietnam 1965*. The book is strongly pro-Viet Cong, and, as the reviewer Dominique Jamet puts it, Burchett's commitment as combatant (he actually shot at American helicopters) signifies the abdication of his role as reporter.

Two of the hardiest comedies of the Renaissance refuse to stay confined to the pages of literary histories. One is Machiavelli's *Mandrake (Mandragola)*, the most cynical and bawdy play from that rich period when Italy not only had a theater, but everyone from churchmen to cobblers was a Sunday playwright. The Italians perform *Mandragola* at regular intervals. I last saw it in Rome in the al fresco theater atop the Palatine Hill, year before last. With the heightened censorship in Italy that followed the appearance of Lollobrigida's *Le Bambole* (*The Dolls*) and is being countered by placards on the walls proclaiming that art and literature cannot subsist unless free, one would hardly expect the daring youngish producers at this point to film the most anticlerical comedy of Medicean Florence. This is, however, what Alberto Lattuada has just done. He has conscientiously preserved the authenticity of the original, a point made by Luciano Codignola in the *Fiera letteraria* (Rome): "Everything of Machiavelli's masterwork is found here: an authentic Florence (even if some of the outside shots were filmed at Urbino); costumes that could carry the signature of Piero della Francesca; the entire sinister plot is here, even including details which Machiavelli left between the lines."

The action, as you remember, involves the concerted seduction of the chaste wife of a stupid old man, thanks to the conniving of a young gallant, a greedy priest, a gullible mother, and even the cuckolded husband. Because Machiavelli is a major political theorist, it has been fashionable lately to see the whole as an allegory of innocent Florence caught between an impotent city manager (Soderini) and an adventurer (Lorenzo de' Medici). Indeed, the youth in the play impersonates a medico. Even if this elaborate thesis of allegory were true, one does not need it to enjoy the splendid dialogue and *lazzi* (stage pranks). But, please, when it comes to America let not the importers who prey on European culture put the magnificent Renaissance dialogue into Brooklynese. Not only in comedy of improvisation but in most Renaissance comedy the original voice is not expendable.

The other play that is often brought back to the boards is Cervantes's *Numancia*, on the resistance of an ancient Spanish town besieged by Roman legions. The Théâtre Antoine appropriately revived it in 1937 when guns still encircled Madrid. Now at the Odéon, with music by José Berghmans, costumes and masks by André Masson, and staged by Jean-Louis Barrault, one finds again the drama of a Spanish village that chose collective death over slavery. Perhaps the diuturnity of this play is explained by the fact that during almost any given year of the world's history, since the Troy described by Euripides, some people somewhere have been fighting the sort of battle Cervantes wrote about so eloquently.

Last June, writing from Leningrad, I noted the moralistic attitudes of Russian literary acquaintances who assured me that Joyce, Genet, and Henry Miller would never be introduced into the USSR. Recently Tamara Motyleva commented in *Soviet Literature* on an essay by the American critic Leon Edel deploring the empty sexuality of so many modern novels. She explains the Russian coolness to such best-sellers as Mary McCarthy's *The Group*:

"I wish to be understood correctly. Russian literature has never been marked by sanctimoniousness or extreme timidity in treating risqué themes. Soviet youth invariably reads Tolstoy's *Resurrection* and Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*. The characters of the best Soviet novels are by no means marked by a puritan sense of shame—one has only to remember Aksinya in Sholokhov's *And Quiet Flows the Don*. One of the best Soviet translators recently produced a new, completely Russian translation of *Gargantua and Pantagruel* . . . But the immoderate attraction of some writers to sex in its basest manifestations becomes a barrier that bars the way for their books to the Soviet (and is it only the Soviet?) reading public."

Without taking issue, I would merely footnote that the example of Rabelais is the least convincing of all. Communists have always found compensating values in this Renaissance mocker of wars, church, and government. Indeed, Communist China has put him on a postage stamp. —Robert J. Clements.

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The Legal Road to Civil Rights

The Petitioners: The Story of the Supreme Court of the United States and the Negro, *by Loren Miller (Pantheon. 455 pp. $8.95), traces our highest Court's relationship to Negroes, from its enforcement of slavery and its role of "special overseer" to the recent decisions promoting equal rights. Dr. Barbaralee D. Diamonstein is a member of the White House staff.*

By BARBARALEE D. DIAMONSTEIN

THE YEAR was 1896, the case, *Plessy v. Ferguson.* The Supreme Court duly deliberated and decreed that Homer A. Plessy could not ride with whites in the railroad coach. The decision technically concerned only transportation, but, by interpretation, became the bulwark of segregation in many areas of American life. And Homer A. Plessy, who was seven-eighths white and whose one-eighth colored blood "was not discernible," was the occasion of it all.

The Negro has always had a special relationship to the Supreme Court. He has been, in effect, its "unwilling ward," its constant "petitioner," and what has happened to him has depended to a large extent on the nine Justices. Loren Miller's *The Petitioners,* precise and authoritative in its facts, rarely without its wry humor, details this checkered relationship from 1789 to 1965. Not surprisingly—the author, an attorney, has appeared before the Supreme Court many times and is now a vice president of the NAACP and a Judge of the Municipal Court in Los Angeles—the volume is heavily legal in orientation, and one could wish for more discussion of the parallel political, social, and economic developments that so greatly influenced a number of the key decisions. The author occasionally slips into a jarring journalese (there *is* something wrong with referring to the "eggheads" who attended the Constitutional Convention). But whatever its defects, *The Petitioners* provides valuable reading for Americans who, in addition to emotional accord with the civil rights cause, want genuinely to understand the special nature and evolution of the Negro's problem. The volume is especially notable for the flashes of human insight which this son of a slave brings to dusty legal briefs.

In reconstructing the Supreme Court's early role as special overseer of the Negro, Judge Miller emphasizes that the Court, by its interpretations, simply ruled most Negroes out of U. S citizenship. First there were the years of slavery enforced by the Court. The notorious Dred Scott decision of 1856 hardly reversed the trend. Then came the Emancipation Proclamation and the great post-Civil War amendments, intended to bring what Justice Frankfurter was to call later "the free play of the human spirit" to the Negro, but which were drastically diluted by the Court because of the pre-Civil War sentiments of most of the Justices.

Judge Miller reiterates a fact that will still surprise many: the massive retreat of liberal sentiment concerning the Negro came not in the years immediately after the Civil War but at the close of the nineteenth century. It was then that the sweeping legal basis for segregation, as we know it in our generation, was systematically written into the statute books and accompanied by *Plessy v. Ferguson* with its "separate but equal" doctrine. Into the twentieth century the Court went on deciding cases within "the stultifying framework" it had created in previous decades. Always sensitive to the human cost of legal decisions, Judge Miller continues to remind the reader: "A right denied today is forever lost" to the generation concerned.

Then, in the modern era, the Court shifted. It not only helped the petitioners toward equality by its decisions; by its attitude it served as a powerful catalyst to general public opinion and to all other branches of government on federal, state, and local levels.

Judge Miller's over-all conclusion is decidedly hopeful if still wary: "The Supreme Court does not deserve all credit for the nation's new march toward a color-blind society, but . . . Certainly it broke the log jam of law and precedent . . . It would take blindness of another sort and of great dimensions to conceal the fact that much remains to be done. But there is hope now where there was once despair; there is faith now where there was once doubt and cynicism."

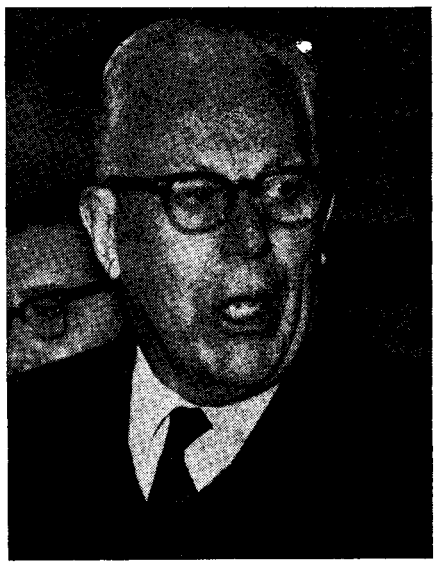
Between the Decision and the Action

Politics and the Warren Court, *by Alexander M. Bickel (Harper & Row. 299 pp. $6.95), examines the interaction of law and politics. Formerly Counsel to the President, Myer Feldman is now a practicing lawyer.*

By MYER FELDMAN

THE THEME of this volume is as old as the republic and as young as the discussion on the constitutionality of the Voting Rights Act of 1965. It is, in Alexander Bickel's words, "the interaction in our affairs of politics and the Constitution," an interaction which is apparent in the selection of Supreme Court Justices. Edmund Randolph, the first Attorney General of the United States, called attention to the non-legal as well as the legal abilities a Supreme Court Justice should have:

> Survey the functions of the Supreme Court. [A member] must be a master of the common law in all its divisions, a chancellor, a civilian, a federal jurist, and skilled in the laws of each State. To expect that in future times this assemblage of talents will be ready, without further study, for the national service, is to confide too largely in the public fortune. Most vacancies on the bench will be supplied by professional men, who, perhaps, have been too much animated by the contentions of the bar deliberately to explore this extensive range of science. In a great measure, then, the Supreme Judges



—*Wide World.*

Chief Justice Warren—sensitive to the nation's needs and desires.

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will form themselves after their nomination.

Implicit in this statement is a recognition of the interaction between law and what might broadly be termed politics. It was a mistake, I believe, for Hamilton Fish to decline appointment by President Grant to the Supreme Court solely because he felt his knowledge of law was inadequate. Similarly, the experience of Taft in public affairs certainly added a useful dimension to the Taft Court; and the leadership of Chief Justice Warren has been immeasurably enhanced by his sensitivity to the needs and desires of the nation.

Politics and the Warren Court is a case study of the relationships between the Supreme Court's declaration of legal doctrine and the effective implementation of that doctrine in four highly emotional areas: civil rights, legislative reapportionment, federal aid to education, and separation of church and state as expressed in the school prayer decision. In each instance it is clear that the Court decisions could not have been implemented without political support. Without this support legal processes can neither maintain the social and economic order for very long, as the Supreme Court discovered during the 1930s, nor radically change it, as Prohibition demonstrated.

The unique role in our affairs of the Supreme Court both contributes to the natural tension between legal and political processes and provides a focus for understanding it. Unrepresentative, responsible to no electorate, without funds at its disposal or troops at its command, the Court is totally lacking in the trappings of political power. Moreover, its mandate runs only to deciding particular disputes brought before it on the initiative of others. And yet there is hardly a major political, social, or economic issue that cannot be brought before it for decision, and hardly a decision on such an issue that does not bring into play an entire range of political and legal activities. The civil rights struggle of the past decade provides an excellent "laboratory" for studying the interaction of law and political processes in general and the role of the Supreme Court in particular. Most of the book is devoted to this study.

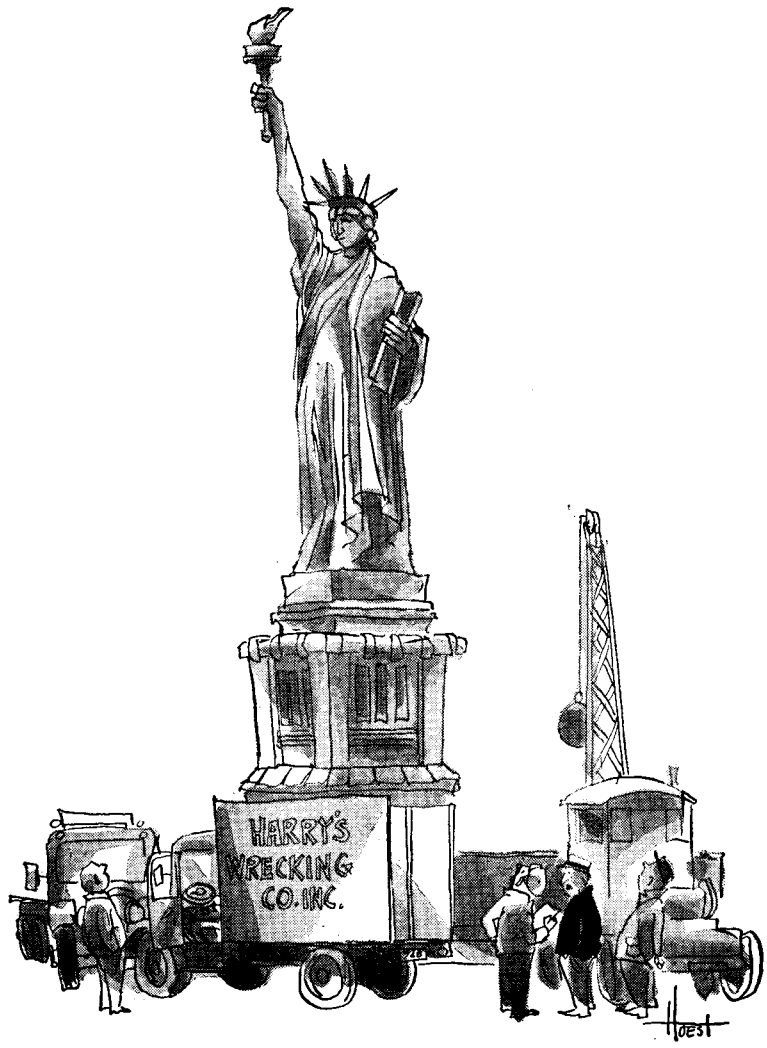
Brown v. Board of Education is the starting point. As the author points out, this case produced a flurry of desegregation, mostly in the border states and the District of Columbia. But its initial impact was largely spent before any results had been achieved in the deep South. Of the second phase of the battle for equal rights, roughly from 1956 to 1962, the author says: "there was a pitched political struggle over the validity of the ultimate goal of desegregation, and for a good while the issue was in doubt. . . ." During this phase, Southern resistance hardened and assumed direction. It might have succeeded, Alexander Bickel believes, had it not been for a fortunate (in retrospect) miscalculation—the riots of Little Rock. This, along with similar incidents, led to a coalescing of public opinion that proved fatal to the segregationist cause. The bus-burnings, the cattle prods, and such gracious and courtly defenders of the Southern way of life as Bull Connor were a great help to the civil rights movement.

The author dates the third phase of the civil rights struggle from the middle of President Kennedy's Administration to the present. This period has been characterized by the massive use of Federal power—executive and legislative—to bring about the elusive goal.

The struggle is not yet over. It will not be over for many years. The Negro may receive complete legal and formal equality. But to give him a genuine opportunity to participate in American life will require a much more subtle and much more difficult effort. That is not to disparage the achievements of the past decade. America has undergone radical social surgery in the last ten years and it has done so, as the author chronicles with clarity and perception, through the legal and political processes of an opulent and contented society. Indeed, the most enduring lesson of the struggle may be that radical social change is possible in such a society. This is a proposition with immense educational potential for roughly half of today's world.

The discussion of civil rights is by far the best part of the book. The treatment of the reapportionment struggle is incomplete: it ignores the massive, continuing effort of Senator Dirksen to overturn the decision of the Supreme Court. This fascinating confrontation is, in itself, conclusive proof of the author's thesis. The discussion of federal aid to education and the school-prayer cases do little more than whet the appetite.

Mr. Bickel is articulate and thoughtful. His book suffers from an apparent unwillingness to edit out repetitive ideas and from a tendency to paragraph-long sentences; nevertheless, his scholarship and his power of analysis make this a provocative volume.



"Let's check that address again, Harry."

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Exploration in the Fourth Dimension

The Voices of Time, *edited by J. T. Fraser (Braziller. 710 pp. $12.50), surveys man's views of time as expressed by the sciences and the humanities. Dr. J. Ben Lieberman, a practicing generalist, is currently working on a volume, "The Requirements of a Technological Society," for the McGraw-Hill international development series.*

By J. BEN LIEBERMAN

PROBABLY anyone who tries to live a conscious life can profit from a review of our accumulated knowledge and wisdom about the nature of reality, and about the purpose and meaning of human existence—especially if it offers a novel slant which exposes the underbrush of one's own accumulation of ideas on the subject. This book, using the meaning and forms of time as the theme for twenty-seven original essays by world-wide specialists in a dazzling range of disciplines, certainly provides such a review. But you will have to work to get it. Much of the writing is hard going; that so much meaning comes through is testimony to the enormous power and fascination of the subject.

It is only fair to J. T. Fraser (originally a research engineer, he is now a senior scientist with General Precision, Inc.) to add that he really does not mean this review function to be the main contribution of the volume, for all he says that "time must and should occupy the center of man's intellectual and emotive interest," and even suggests that time can provide the reader with a basis for his own "pursuit of a coherent world view."

What Fraser is really after is an interdisciplinary understanding of time itself, and he has broken new ground in bringing out its role in almost every conceivable field of study. He wants to develop the "unity" of time (*i.e.*, see time as one entity equally amenable to science, the reflective mind, and the creative artist), to "offer material and encourage the search for new knowledge related to time," and, even more, use the idea of time "to hold together separate areas of knowledge in the face of the fragmentation brought about by two major causes." These two causes, not at all incidentally, are "the immense increase of available data and analytical information in the sciences" and "the diverse experimentation in methods of thought and modes of expression in our age of profound social change."

In the end, Fraser proposes an "interdisciplinary and normative study of time *sui generis*," to be called "chronosophy." Here we go with still another "diverse experiment" toward fragmentation, especially if he insists it is to be the central study of man. Other people can't buy that; there *are* other cross-discipline fields (*e. g.*, general systems, communication) that do not insist on preeminence. But the study of time can provide a fusion or synthesis (preferably more generalist than interdisciplinary) of what is applicable and related in the disciplines to particular needs of mankind. If this book helps launch a generalist study of time, it will have made quite a contribution, both to knowledge and to reducing fragmentation.

One particularly tantalizing example of what is possible is found in Fraser's book itself, when Dr. Joseph Needham documents the conclusion that China's traditional thinking is as time-oriented as the West's, despite our stereotype to the contrary, and that the explanation of why modern science and technology developed in the West will have to rest, therefore, on factors other than time-consciousness. But in his commentary Fraser says that "man's personal and intimate view of time" is something beyond the Chinese time-sense described by Dr. Needham, and suggests the explanation is to be found there. Dropping China completely, he brushes lightly over a number of provocative possibilities and then leaves the whole subject. In view of the world's present urgent problem of aiding the developing areas through the adoption of modern technology, it is sad that the plan of *The Voices of Time* could not allow those twenty-six specialists, representing many pertinent fields of knowledge, to dig to the heart of the matter and find what really needs to be known about time in order to speed that process.

Fraser unfortunately exercises more than the squatter's right of enthusiasm for his subject. With what might be called claimant thinking, in his introduction and corrective notes he hammers at his thesis about the central importance of time far beyond the need to establish the interdisciplinary implications. This becomes a jarring refrain as essay after essay indicates (sometimes despite itself) that reality is something more than embroidered time. And Fraser himself is forced to conclude that "the essence of time, like that of man's existence, is only a permission to partake creatively in a world whose contents and properties we may experience, contemplate, and share but never completely describe or precisely formulate."

Over-advocacy aside, Fraser did have an excellent idea, and he has managed to bring together a most impressive collection of materials bearing on his subject, such as notions of time in the history of philosophy and religions, the rhythms of language and music, time-perception in children, time in relation to consciousness and the unconscious, the biological sense of time, the microstructure of subjective time, the time-sense of animals, a biochemical explanation of why time seems to pass faster as one grows older, geological time, special interactions between time and evolution, the history of time-keeping and measurement, the physical universe of space and time, time in relativity theory, the use of time concepts in the free-will argument, consideration of whether time can flow backwards, time and quantum theory, entropy and thermodynamics in relation to time, time and probability theory, the origin and the end of time, and—throughout—the nature of reality.

As in most interdisciplinary books, however, what is lacking most is discipline in putting all this together. Each author goes his own way most conscientiously, often not only repeating himself far more than is necessary for clear communication, but covering the same ground as others; the editor is rather a compiler, and either unwilling or unable to make a book out of the separate essays by creating and enforcing a true interdependence of the parts or even doing the needed hard editing. In particular, in view of his purposes, he unfortunately let many of his authors use their specialized languages beyond the communication level of even an interdisciplinary reader, much less the general reader.

Nevertheless, the latter can still profit

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from the book. It has much fascinating detail that will make excellent conversation. And the ramifications of time are both so profound and so superficial, so pervasive and yet so personal, that the sensitive reader or conversationalist may well find himself pursuing the subject more and more deeply, until he is confronted with all those questions about the meaning of his own life that he has pushed aside in his day-to-day preoccupations.

For the general reader, too, the index and extensive authors' notes turn the book into a useful reference, not alone on matters directly related to time. The background provided by the papers offers succinct summaries of a wide range of philosophical, historical, and scientific concepts (although in some cases "cryptic" may be a more accurate description).

The specialist concerned with the problem of time—and on Fraser's evidence, this is virtually every specialist—will have his horizons expanded in directions he might never have suspected. Against the undoubted fragmentation of knowledge, this is itself an important service, and Fraser and his collaborators deserve our thanks and attention.

Four Possibilities of Being

Philosophy in Process, Vol. I: 1955-1960, *by Paul Weiss (Southern Illinois University Press. 792 pp. $15), is an account of a philosophic position being arrived at and thought through. Reuben Abel is adjunct associate professor of philosophy at the Graduate Faculty of the New School and author of "The Pragmatic Humanism of F. C. S. Schiller."*

By REUBEN ABEL

PROFESSOR PAUL WEISS of Yale is a distinguished exception to the prevailing trends in Anglo-American philosophy. In the attempt to make their views perfectly clear and precise, most contemporary philosophers have avoided the large, vague, misty issues. Weiss, however, speculates freely and imaginatively about God, the systems of metaphysics, Being and Non-Being, the One and the Many, the nature of Art, and other time-honored and time-clouded problems.

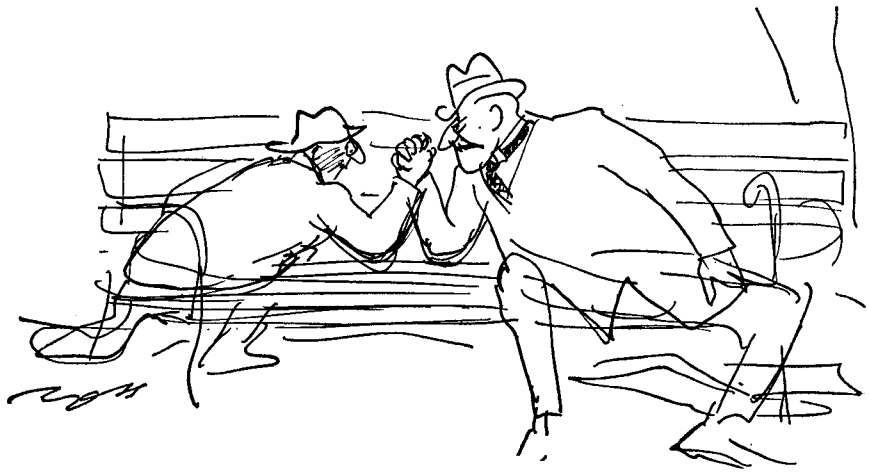
Philosophy in Process is the journal of a private dialogue, maintained irregularly from June 24, 1955, to December 25, 1960. It is thus the account of a philosophic position as it is being arrived at, and painfully thought through, with its self-criticisms, false starts, new insights, doubts, and revisions. Some external autobiographical details can be inferred from it (for example, that the author spent some time in New York, painting); but most of this book is inspired by philosophic problems he was working on, by questions which arose in his classes, by the books he read, the people he talked to, and the hard, hard thinking he always did. During these years he published his major work, *Modes of Being,* and wrote the first draft of *The God We Seek.* Many of the remarks in the present volume thus refer to themes he discussed in those books; there are, consequently, occasional confusions and obscurities.

The foundation of Paul Weiss's philosophy is the four "modes of being," that is, the four dimensions in which anything at all can be understood to be. These modes are Actuality, Existence, Ideality, and Divinity. They can be combined, hierarchically arranged, and applied in many ways.They comprise a framework which is used to locate many issues in philosophy, and to determine a vast set of consequences. Thus: an entity has four facets ("a nature, a relational role, a meaning, and a value"); there are four normative disciplines; four types of production ("individual, rational, effective, and organizing"); four "guises" of cognition; four basic types of interpreters (artistic, practical, administrative, and the spectator); four speculative disciplines; four kinds of strategies; four cycles to an epoch; four types of sovereignty; four ways of dealing with an art object; four types of excellence; four types of comedy; a fourfold rectification of tragedy; four different types of ideas; four basic types of men (the observer, the rationalist, the adventurer, and the experiencer); four types of phenomenological object (the perceptual, the formal, the eventful, and the important); four kinds of truth (coherence, social convergence, correspondence, and vindicational); four ways of "determining whether a conclusion terminates in or reports a matter of fact"; even four ways of maladjustment ("with respect to promise, fellowman, structure or organization, and with respect to the vital energy of the world").

This concern with a fourfold analysis often seems obsessive. It is the most pervasive of Paul Weiss's themes, but there are others. He gives us a fresh glance in many directions: at the practice of medicine, for example, and at the Stanislavski method of acting, at bullfighting, sin, sports and training, democracy, the differences between the sexes ("If one were to treat men and women as in nature differing somewhat as the right hand from the left, one could view them both as actualities directed towards an Ideal"), Aristotle and Hegel, Dewey and Wittgenstein, linguistic analysis as a kind of Kantianism, perception and art, society and crime, and the analogous interpreting of mathematics by a physicist and of a script by an actor.

Weiss sometimes gives us sentences such as "Being stands outside Nothing because Nothing does nothing to divide being in itself." I should prefer, however, to quote "Every being thinks it is doing something of importance. The fly sitting on the lion's tail thinks it is keeping the lion warm. And it is, too, you know. But not as much as it supposes." And there is an occasional "possible title for book on religion: *For the Love of God.*"

Not for the amateur or the dilettante, *Philosophy in Process* is a rewarding insight into the creative grappling of a first-rate mind with some of the eternal questions.



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The Brutal Logic of Power

Mission with LeMay: My Story, *by General Curtis E. LeMay with MacKinlay Kantor (Doubleday. 581 pp. $7.95), comprises the memoirs of the former Air Force Chief of Staff who built up the Strategic Air Command. Walter Millis, a Saturday Review editor-at-large, is co-author of "Arms and the State."*

By WALTER MILLIS

CURTIS LE MAY, the abrasive, cigar-smoking bomber general who held important commands during World War II both in Europe and the Pacific, who built up and for years presided over SAC (the Strategic Air Command, our major nuclear deterrent), and ended his career as Air Force Chief of Staff, has set down his autobiography "with" MacKinlay Kantor. How much is LeMay and how much is Kantor there is no way of knowing; but this rambling, colloquial, highly personal, and toughly insensitive record sounds genuine. Its stylistic mannerisms, extravagant metaphors, and supposedly humorous exaggerations must be authentic LeMay.

The book adds little to the inner history either of World War II or the nuclear age. It endlessly repeats the platitudes of Air Force dogma and ambition, and of bitter interservice rivalry; it sees personnel issues in terms of the "average guys" who fight and the "no-good sons of bitches" who do not; it rehearses the familiar arguments for incinerating enemy civilians by the hundreds of thousands if it will save one American life—clichés in which no one is much interested any longer. Of the many still obscure questions upon which the book might have shed light, one learns (when they are mentioned at all) only that the Air Force in general and LeMay in particular were invariably right. But if it contributes little to history, the book remains of great interest as a portrait both of its author and of the service through which he rose.

It will doubtless prove to be among the last of the "generals' books." Most of the others who have attained memoir-writing rank have either produced their autobiographies or else are essentially postwar products, whose significant recollections do not reach back to the tremendous years and so are unlikely to be set down. LeMay went through it all; he conveys a vivid sense of what the Air Force was and is, of how it was built up and how it fought and of the tremendous energy, capacity for hard work, single-minded toughness (not always divorced from naïveté) that were essential to the Air Force achievements. And if his opinions are often as banal as they are always forceful, LeMay leaves no doubt that he possessed those qualities in high measure. He was an important architect of that "air power" which has remorselessly brutalized our age.

As a step-by-step record of how the brutalizing process went on, *Mission with LeMay* has a repellent fascination. It is not that LeMay himself impresses one as a particularly brutal man. It is simply that from the age of four he was fascinated by airplanes; he went into the Army as his only means of reaching a cockpit. With others, he devoted himself to building up "air power" in order to secure a place and permanence for their wonderful and deadly toys. This in turn necessitated the development of "strategic" war theories, leading imperceptibly to mass, indiscriminate bombing of civilian populations, to literally burning up Japanese cities one by one, and finally to Hiroshima.

LeMay is right in arguing that no particular moral boundary was passed at Hiroshima. It had been passed long before. But one realizes how momentous the boundary was when LeMay calmly justifies the modern "massacre of civil populations" on the ground that there is "nothing new" about it—the ancients, after all, on taking a city used "to murder every soul in it." It is a brutal logic, but it is logical.

LeMay raises the question of whether we should have used our initial atomic monopoly to force a showdown with the Soviet Union, on pain of extermination. He still thinks that we could have done so; whether we should have done so he simply does not know, even today. Both opinions seem to me revealing.

Spy Who Came in from the Cold War

The Penkovskiy Papers, *by Oleg Penkovskiy, translated from the Russian by Peter Deriabin (Doubleday. 411 pp. $5.95), purports to reveal espionage gleanings in the Soviet Union. "Red Phoenix: Russia Since World War II" is among Harry Schwartz's many studies of the USSR.*

By HARRY SCHWARTZ

THIS BOOK has already been so widely publicized here and in Western Europe that some may be startled if a basic question is raised: is it true or false, or some unknown combination of truth and falsity? This reviewer must make clear at the outset that he is not sure whether he is dealing with a work of fact or of fiction.

That Oleg Penkovskiy was a Soviet official who became an American spy may be taken for granted. The present volume is said to consist of notes written by him at various times in 1961 and 1962, which were smuggled out of the USSR by unspecified means. Frank Gibney, who contributes an introduction and commentary, asserts "their authenticity is beyond question," an opinion he backs by reference to the personal pictures, official documents, and other such papers—some of them reproduced in this volume—that allegedly accompanied the manuscript.

But it is clear that the two best-known journalistic sponsors of this book—Mr. Gibney and Edward Crankshaw, who wrote the foreword—have misgivings about its credibility. Mr. Crankshaw calls Penkovskiy "in some measure unbalanced," one whose "lack of balance made it impossible for him to distinguish between government intentions and government precautions." Mr. Gibney apologizes in effect for Penkovskiy's "strange, grandiloquent language—which to a modern American sounds as stilted as the battle exhortations in our own Civil War memoirs."

None of this is conclusive. But the basic fact is that the material in this volume that can be checked is the sort of thing that could have been written by a Soviet defector living in the West or even by an American or Briton familiar with what the West knows about the Soviet system. It did not require this book to inform us that the Soviet Union engages in espionage in many ways, that high Soviet officials have mistresses and like the nicer things of life, particularly if they are imported, that many Soviet army officers were bitter at Khru-

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shchev when he cut their high salaries and retired them at inadequate pensions. It is curious that a spy said to be of such importance should really have only one item of new and even moderately important information in his papers: the story of Marshal Nedelin's death, caused allegedly by the explosion of a nuclear rocket.

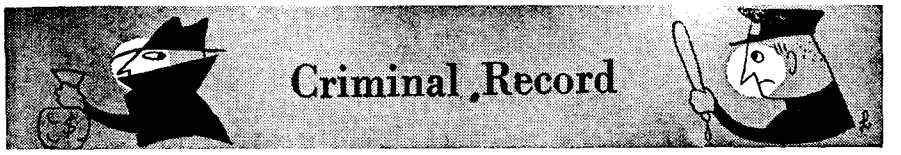
A quality of naïveté appears in much of this book that is hard to square with the portrait of Penkovskiy as the hard-boiled and experienced Soviet intelligence officer who knew the ropes well enough to climb up very high indeed, and to make the right alliances via marriage and friendship in circles whose influence could be helpful. One might have thought such a man would long since have taken it for granted that all nations engage in espionage, and therefore in deceit and chicanery to cover up this activity. And it seems odd that a professional intelligence officer should express amazement and indignation that spying is conducted even against small countries such as Denmark.

HOWEVER, if the book is authentic, then Penkovskiy was certainly a strange man. He was apparently a beneficiary of the Soviet system who yet hated that society, and despised and feared the society's leaders, particularly Khrushchev. According to the *Papers*, Penkovskiy saw those around him and above him as greedy villains, sycophants, and fools. From his own observation and thinking he had become convinced of every American Cold War cliché about the Soviet Union. He was the very model of the twentieth century's alienated man. It all seems too good to be true.

Yet even a suspicious reviewer must admit there is nothing as amazing in the *Penkovskiy Papers* as the fact that their author became an American spy.

—From the book.

Col. Oleg Penkovskiy—"model of the twentieth century's alienated man."



The FBI's Most Famous Cases. *By Andrew Tully. Introduction and comments by J. Edgar Hoover. Morrow.* $4.95. Twenty-nine files, most of them concerned with events of the past ten years, are examined in this authoritative summary. The Director prefaces each account with a brief observation.

The Trial of Dr. De Kaplany. *By Carolyn Anspacher. Fell.* $5. This is a minutely detailed account of the court proceedings that followed the murder, by corrosive acid, in 1962 of a San Jose (Calif.) bride by her husband, a Hungarian physician. Unpleasantly absorbing.

The Deadly Silence. *By Renée Buse. Doubleday.* $4.95. On July 10, 1962, thirteen convicted narcotics tycoons were sentenced to a combined total of 276 years; author opens her well-documented, well-assembled narrative of the case with a summary of the notorious Mafia seminar at Apalachin, N.Y., in 1957.

The Fine Art of Murder. *Edited by Walter B. Gibson. Grosset & Dunlap.* $2.95. Most of these eleven fact yarns, largely by experts, will be new to many readers; editor appears to be unfamiliar with Edward Radin's *Lizzie Borden: The Untold Story* (1961). This book is issued simultaneously with Gibson's *The Fine Art of Spying* (same publisher, same price).

The Billion Dollar Brain. *By Len Deighton. Putnam.* $4.95. The author of *Funeral in Berlin* and *The Ipcress File* bangs the gong again; this time the hero-narrator flies from London to Helsinki, Leningrad, Riga, New York, San Antonio, and the same, more or less, in reverse. Not to be missed.

Black Money. *By Ross Macdonald. Knopf.* $3.95. Lew Archer, genteel peeper, explores life (and death) in posh Southern California high-income (and no-income) residential area and comes up with the answers. On the ball, as usual.

The Hardboiled Dicks. *Edited by Ron Gourart. Sherbourne Press, Los Angeles.* $4.95. This anthology of detective fiction from the pulp magazines of the 1930s (plus two 1941) is lively and stimulating, and so is the editor's valuable and highly readable introduction.

Frederica and the Convict. *By L. M. Robertson. Crime Club.* $3.50. Ailing London exec, recuperating in rural area, crosses path of fugitive from Dartmoor Prison, also trio of tots and their ma; police present, too. A delightful, often side-splitting tale, with fine action and no corpses.

Gideon's Badge. *By J. J. Marric. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Sudden death on both sides of the Atlantic, plus one in mid-ocean, figure in this latest account of Gee-Gee's exploits. This series never lets you down.

Wanted: Dead Men. *By M. E. Chaber. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* $3.50. Milo March, ace insurance eye, despite his indiscriminate addiction to brandy, rye, and gin, tackles case that begins in industrial Connecticut and Pennsylvania and switches to Copenhagen, Stockholm, Paris. Author's fourteenth opus is in the groove.

The Hound's Tooth. *By Robert McDowell. Mill-Morrow.* $3.50. Pleasant Kentucky deputy sheriff and eager feminine newshawk pool talents to solve murders in nation's feudin' belt. Speliologists ahoy! (Non-speliologists will also enjoy.)

The Singing Bone. *By R. Austin Freeman.* ***The Terror.*** *By Arthur Machen.* ***The Green Archer.*** *By Edgar Wallace. Norton. Three volumes.* $3.95 *each.* These classic numbers (more will follow) are restored to print as units in the Seagull Library of Mystery and Suspense, under the general editorship of Vincent Starrett, than whom no one is more knowledgeable in this field. Mr. Starrett also supplies informative introductions to each title. The series is off to a rousing start.

The Game of X. *By Robert Sheckley. Delacorte.* $3.95. Jockeyed into intelligence work almost without his knowledge, William P. Nye, Yankee footloose in Paris, turns into the spy that came in from the heat; a real sparkler of spoofery. Come again soon!

The House at Satan's Elbow. *By John Dickson Carr. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Crotchety party's new will triggers violence in old mansion on England's south coast, but booming Dr. Fell wraps everything up. Take it slow and easy and you're in. —SERGEANT CUFF.

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Stranded on Gibraltar

A Vision of Battlements, *by Anthony Burgess (Norton. 241 pp. $4.50), the first novel by the author of "A Clockwork Orange," portrays colonial and military types on a war-becalmed Gibraltar. Elinor Baumbach is a free-lance editor who often comments on contemporary fiction.*

By ELINOR BAUMBACH

ONE CANNOT approach Anthony Burgess's most recently published novel, *A Vision of Battlements*, without mentioning, at least briefly, what is in fact a large body of later work. For, as the author tells us in an engaging introduction, his story of a war-becalmed Gibraltar, anchored in the backwaters of World War II, is actually a first novel written more than sixteen years ago. Since then, Burgess's work has become increasingly more sophisticated and complex, his humor darker, his language richer. Indeed, there are signs that the book some critics consider his most successful, *A Clockwork Orange*, may eclipse *Lord of the Flies* as the contemporary undergraduate classic—at least among the "in" crowd.

Burgess's vision, even in his early writing, is of an absurd, grotesquely surrealistic universe which deals with the gropings of its anti-heroes only too efficiently, making them clockwork figures in a mechanistic world. The seeds of this world are to be found in the Gibraltar on which Sergeant Richard Ennis finds himself as a teacher in the Army Vocational and Cultural Corps. Ennis (Aeneas), a composer, mooning in his civilized way over the richness of the past, hopelessly and endlessly provokes the mindless antagonism of the army superstructure. "What does AVCC stand for?" asks the big, blonde Wren who opens the book. "Arma Virumque Cano Corps," answers Ennis, who has neither arms nor sufficient manhood to keep his wife from deserting him for an American general, his pregnant mistress from a hateful marriage of necessity, nor an interesting young poetess from the bed of a more potent if less analytic lover.

"I do think you go about with your eyes closed," says Julian Agate, a ballet dancer turned sergeant who has slipped easily into the real cultural hierarchy of "The Rock." Does the English public school system produce more than its share of homosexuals? It would seem so from Burgess's satiric view of Gibraltar's inner society. Almost as sterile is Ennis's world, his own child forebodingly stillborn. When he lectures to the men he is preparing for the postwar world of government forms and "free ill-health," he gags on his own uplifting clichés. His "You don't want a lecture. . . . What you want is a drink!" gives rise to a wildly comic scene in which the troops drag their reluctant and unmilitary hero (good old Sarge!) to a local dive. For a moment Ennis can lose himself in the native flamenco. But when a one-eyed private makes a rude noise, Ennis, mistaking the occasion again, begins to hit him wildly. Art, he thinks, gets in the way; but so for him does life.

Burgess is at his best in his scathing portrayal of colonial and military types: Major Muir's marvelous vindictiveness in forcing Ennis to teach a class in Elementary Shorthand at the time he had planned to conduct a concert of his own works; the cool, nagging tone of Laurel Ennis's letters urging her husband to "get on"; the mindless ferocity of the troops responding to banal exhortation.

Unfortunately, the book as a whole gives us a sense of *déjà vu*. The diminished epic framework (Gibraltar as Troy) does not add much resonance, even to a hero who is also a Cambridge wit. Ennis is less interesting than his landscape, and his landscape is rather derivative of Waugh. Burgess found his real satiric voice in his seven later novels; but his sharp eye and acid pen are implicit in this.

"Now, as I see the picture, you, Mr. Marten, are a hawk, and Mrs. Marten is a dove."

The Pads of Venice: Alison Lurie, author of *Love and Friendship*, proves in her second novel that she has the gift of description and evocation. In *The Nowhere City* (Coward-McCann, $4.50), set in Los Angeles—that sprawling, untidy community of contrasting seediness and prosperity—she makes the beatnik pads, the movie mansions, and the stucco homes of the working classes come vividly to life; unhappily, however, they are largely inhibited by characters with names but no dimensions.

From Harvard University come Paul Cattleman, a young historian hired by an electronics company to write its history, and his wife Katharine, who suffers from frigidity and a sinus condition, both of which drive her husband into the arms of other women. The first of these in the West is Ceci, a kooky waitress, who introduces Paul to the squalid lives of the beatniks of Venice, a suburb notable more for its carnality than its canals. Next comes Glory, a big-bosomed starlet, who seems a composite portrait of

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all the motion picture sexpots in fact and fiction. In the meantime Katharine has coupled with a psychiatrist named Iz Einsam, one of a trio for whom she is working as a research secretary. Dr. Einsam is obviously a miracle worker, since he cures Katharine of both her sinusitis and her frigidity in just a few easy liaisons.

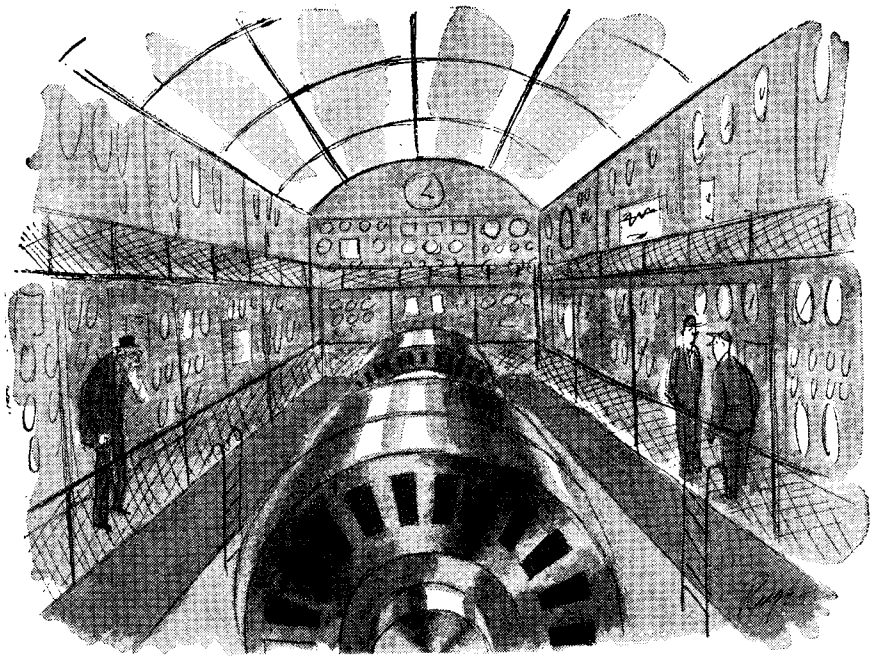
These various encounters are so clinically described that they become almost astringent and asexual. The usual cacophonic four-letter words accompany the copulation explosion. Once off the mattresses, Miss Lurie's passion is directed against Los Angeles, which she seems, in common with Katharine, to loathe.

There are, it is true, some effective scenes: the police raid on a beatnik café, the night episode when Glory sees a man trying to break into her house, the visit of Katharine with another woman and her children to what sounds like Hearst's San Simeon. There are also episodes that come close to the cheaply sensational.

However, the major fault of *The Nowhere City* lies in its characterizations, or, rather, in the lack thereof. The only definite trait is a general unpleasantness. Katharine is a bore, Iz a boor, Glory a stereotype, Paul a cipher. Only Ceci, the uninhibited beatnik, is tenderly though intermittently believable, while her fellow nonconformists are barely distinguishable one from another.

"Katharine knew that her husband's attitude of tolerant impatience concealed only impatient tolerance," writes Miss Lurie. My attitude toward *The Nowhere City* is much the same.

—George Oppenheimer.



"He claims he knew Thomas Alva Edison personally, and he knows a way to prevent its ever happening again."

Growing Up in Newfoundland: From Newfoundland comes a primitive novel—primitive not in any quaint, unlettered sense, but in its mixture of naïveté and sophistication, in its author's attempts to write grandly while employing awful clichés. Such a first novel coming from continental North America might well be ignored. But its background gives *Tomorrow Will Be Sunday* (Doubleday, $4.95) a certain charm.

The story must surely be somewhat autobiographical in its reflection of and reaction to life in a simple fishing village, where the fiery preacher could convince virtually all the people of the exact date of the Day of Judgment and get them to stand out in a cold night to greet the coming of the Lord. In such a place brilliant young Eli Pallisher finds intellectual freedom through incredible reading, and maturity through contact with the romantic rebellion of a young teacher and the village vixen.

The publisher tells us that Harold Horwood lives in "a tiny village well removed from civilization" and that his writing has appeared "in every magazine of any standing in Canada." He, then, has found his own intellectual stimulation, as does his young protagonist. His novel shows this when he reaches mightily for poetic grandeur, especially in describing nature ("Then the chaos of the world outside gradually died away into the majestic voice of the surf, rising to dominate the world, like the voice of God, speaking across the clash of nations") and village life ("with hardship as general as the sea and joy as occasional as its foam"). Some efforts may make a reader cringe, as when we are told that "the teacher had deep resources of peace that he held inviolate within himself and that the winds of fortune could not ruffle."

Here are famine, pestilence, a shipwreck, heroism, and villainy, along with idyllic innocence, homosexuality, and naïve free love. Evil is found in the ignorant church folk, good in the few intelligent infidels. But here also is the first novel out of Newfoundland in a long time (if not the first time), and it shows considerable power.

—Thorpe Menn.

A Romp at the Races: Here, riding the high crest of Camp, comes *The Velocipede Handicap* (Doubleday, $4.50), Louise W. King's picaresque sequel to her picaresque first novel, *The Day We Were Mostly Butterflies.* Does a campy *My Sister Eileen* need a sequel? Well. But does the sequel need the original? It does. The scorecard for the various ongoing homosexual relationships is provided in Book 1, Chapter I; thereafter the characters' sexuality, and indeed all sexuality, is ignored. Which is certainly polite, if slightly alarming to those of us not as Up on In or even as familiar with Firbank as we might be.

The cast features Miss Moppet, empty young man-hating scatterbrain; Miss Lillian Richardson, her truckdriver-type love; Maurice Soulé Calhoun, narrator, interior decorator, and Miss Moppet's platonic protector; and Emma Hamlet Woodhouse, surely one of fiction's longest-lived turtles. The plot mainly concerns the joint purchase by Miss Moppet and Miss Maud Montcalm of a horse, Mr. Coals, and the ensuing case of mistaken equine identity when big-time horse men believe Mr. Coals to be in fact Barracuda, a horse which they want out of the way. Narrator Maurice is consistently vexed by all this, and by other difficulties as he decorates for one (zany) Countess.

A foreword to the first book says: "Miss King's art might well be described, irreverently, as camped-up Jane Austenese." The sequel suggests rather a faggotty *Bobbsey Twins.* A Gay Romp, if that's what you're after.

—Louise Armstrong.

Golden Portal: A clean, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant novel, *The Spencer Problem* (Doubleday, $4.95) focuses on a contemporary San Francisco family of considerable means. "I don't know what keeps you all together," one character observes in attempting to analyze the

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BY RALPH GINZBURG

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Spencers; "it must be there's solidity in not knowing what goes on inside your closest relations." That, substantially, is the Spencer problem in this ambitious, mildly satirical book that suggests a John O'Hara entertainment without the sex, or a West Coast version of a performance by the late John P. Marquand.

E. W. Nash has invested much research, imagination, narrative skill, and awareness of the San Francisco scene in the effort to make his characters believable. They remain tiresome people, as perhaps their prototypes in this strata of Western society really are—that, after all, may be the author's point. But one is never sure, as he looks in on the politics of a fashionable Episcopal parish, the city's artistic community, or the emotional processes of Evadene Spencer Kern, the attractive, well-heeled young artist's widow who finds it extremely difficult to adjust to her new role.

Beyond that, the author has refused to call his city San Francisco at all. It is called "Portal"; and the Monterey Peninsula, Lake Tahoe, and other familiar northern California regions have been given pseudonyms, too. Nash explains that if a place is given its correct name in a novel a reader may be annoyed when he comes across inaccuracies. But Portal is not O'Hara's Gibbsville or Sinclair Lewis's Zenith. It remains San Francisco, and a reader familiar with the city and its environs is forced into a silly guessing game, or geographical jigsaw puzzle, which saps interest in characters that cannot stand too much sapping of interest in the first place.

The present novel is planned as the first of several concerned with life in and around this "readily identifiable American city named Portal." This, from an obviously talented if misguided writer, is a sobering thought to us Portalians.

—WILLIAM HOGAN.

Smell of Death in the Lobby: There is much that is amusing in Ed Lacy's *The Hotel Dwellers* (Harper & Row, $4.50), the story of a middle-aged man's attempt to regain his sense of life after suffering a heart attack.

Howie Fisher has for years run the stand in the lobby of the Times Terrace, a declassed, midtown New York hotel. Though Howie is a knowing New Yorker who has seen almost everything, he has not become hard; and he smells death all about him. He walks with a terrible dread, fearful that the slightest exertion will bring on a second, fatal attack. The plot, really a sort of extended joke, shows his journey back from the edge of the grave: he betrays his wife with a charming young Egyptian belly-dancer, Miss Nasser; buys a new and more successful business, and finds himself facing such enormous problems that he almost wishes for the second heart attack.

Lacy, a very human writer, has a good eye and a fine sense of character. Obviously he is no less knowing than Howie and is equally forgiving. His portraits of Howie's wife Flo, the bell captain Brice, and Lydia, the house whore, are sharply drawn but never nasty. The action is a trifle attenuated at the beginning, but on the whole the novel, though small in scope, is well realized.

—CECIL HEMLEY.

"The chef sends his compliments!"

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LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Professional Wordsmiths

In his essay "To Him Who Would a Writer Be" (*SR*, Jan. 1), Granville Hicks states that "to think of a literary career in any other way is pointless; there is no sense in writing unless you believe that literature is more important than money." That is a lofty point of view, which I'll bet even Mr. Hicks has abandoned at times as he plugged away at assignments that didn't especially excite him, move him, concern him—for money. The statement discounts the literary middle class: the full-time, workaday, half-hacky writers such as myself, for whom the sense in writing is that it provides a living in a pleasanter fashion than most I can think of.

I'm my own boss, live in a mountain retreat, work three or four days a week, and average a grand a month by manufacturing literary yardage. I have somehow managed to inject serious notions into quite a few of my 1,034 published stories, while pursuing crass money. . . . However, if somebody comes along and offers me a dollar a word to lower my standards out of sight, I'll do it like *that*, provided the material wanted would not harm readers.

My own advice to would-be writers is always to keep at serious work if they think it's in them; but otherwise to regard themselves (not unproudly) as mere professional wordsmiths who must sweat to learn their craft, develop markets, and grind the mill. Tell Mr. Hicks that writing can often be only a job, a good job—and what young man, born without wealth, doesn't need one?

Jerome Bixby.

Crestline, Calif.

Sublimer

Two things re Paul Bertram's letter [*SR*, Jan. 1] on my review of his book: (1) It is news to me that esthetic judgments can be totally "documented." (2) I do not grudge Mr. Bertram's belief in "the sublime rightness," as he phrases it, of his "own esthetic judgment." It is only that mine is sublimer.

Bernard Grebanier.

New York, N.Y.

Exploited Youth

Kenneth Keniston's *The Uncommitted* [*SR*, Jan. 8] sounds so typical of our inability to see the woods for the trees! All that is wrong with our young people is that we have been treating them as children when we should have been treating them as people. Children today represent the greatest slave class in our country. They are dominated, ridiculed, exploited without mercy, and we wonder what is wrong with them. It's all right for an adult to be rude to a child, but Heaven help the child who is rude to an adult. Our present system of child rearing calls for frightening them and keeping them scared. . . . By the time a child is through high school he is so thoroughly beaten down and disgusted with the adult world he would do anything to get even. . . . We don't need a psychologist to tell us that if you treat people badly they will react badly. At the present time it is my opinion that three-quarters of our college students are disturbed due to bad upbringing. Unless we give these young people more freedom so they can develop responsibility, we will soon have all of them disturbed and demonstrating in one way or another.

Harold C. Downes.

Rindge, N.H.

Clean Brand in Brooklyn

Brooklyn is far from being Tolkien's Shire, but in our effort to make it safe for Hobbits we can report a small victory.

On a recent toy-buying expedition we spotted on the shelf of our local toy and paperback shop *The Lord of the Rings* in the Ace edition. Ace, as all good *SR* readers know, used a loophole in the copyright law to bring out their reprint without the author's permission and without paying him a nickel. We did what any good Hobbit would have done: we stormed in to defend our friend. . . . We told the toy-and-book monger that he was selling what we considered to be stolen property and that we and our kids would take our business two blocks up the street where the toys are just as breakable and the selection of paperbacks just as limited. We suggested that he stop his underhanded way of life at once and stormed out.

It's amazing what threat of economic boycott can do when it comes from one who owns two small daughters who, in turn, own lots of toys which break and have to be replaced. Within twenty-four hours the man had capitulated. As he put it, "I sent them back. I got only the clean version now—the Ballantine brand."

Sheldon and Janet Haber.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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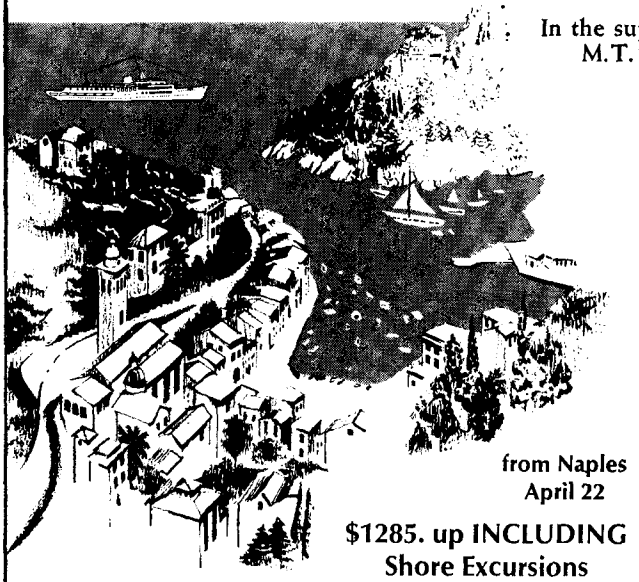

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Business, Economics

ANALYTICAL ECONOMICS: Issues and Problems. By Nicholas Georgescu-Roegen. Harvard Univ. Press. $12.95.

COMMUNIST CHINA'S ECONOMIC GROWTH AND FOREIGN TRADE. By Alexander Ekstein. McGraw-Hill. $7.

ESSAYS IN NORMATIVE ECONOMICS. By Abram Bergson. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.50.

THE EURO-DOLLAR SYSTEM. By Paul Einzig. St. Martin's. $7.50.

LABOR ARBITRATION: A Dissenting View. By Paul R. Hays. Yale Univ. Press. $4.50.

MARKET CONTROL AND PLANNING IN COMMUNIST CHINA. By Dwight H. Perkins. Harvard Univ. Press. $7.50.

ON KNOWING THE CONSUMER. By Joseph Newman. Wiley. $7.50.

PLANNING: Aspects and Applications. By Melvin C. Branch. Wiley. $10.

THE VITAL FEW: American Economic Progress and Its Protagonists. By Jonathan Hughes. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

Crime, Suspense

THE MIDNIGHT MAN. By Henry Kane. Macmillan. $3.95.

SALUTE FROM A DEAD MAN. By Donald MacKenzie. Houghton Mifflin. $3.95.

Current Affairs

AFRICA. By Waldemar A. Nielsen. Atheneum. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.65.

AMERICA AND CHINA. By H. H. Chang. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

BACKGROUND TO VIET-NAM. By Bernard Newman. Roy. $4.95.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF FREEDOM: The Inter-Relationship Between Democracy and Human Rights. By Durward V. Sandifer and L. Ronald Scheman. Praeger. $5.

LATIN AMERICA. By Tad Szulc. Atheneum. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback $1.65.

NEIGHBORHOOD GROUPS AND URBAN RENEWAL. By J. Clarence Davies, III. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.75.

POLICIES TOWARD CHINA: Views From Six Continents. By A. M. Halpern. McGraw-Hill. Hardbound, $9.95. Paperback, $3.95.

THE POLITICS OF ZONING: The New York Experience. By Stanislaw J. Makielski, Jr. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

THE REVOLUTION OF COLOR. By Thomas Patrick Melady. Hawthorn. $5.95.

SOUTHEAST ASIA. By Tillman Durdin. Atheneum. Hardbound, $3.95. Paperback, $1.65.

Esthetics

AESTHETICS FROM CLASSICAL GREECE TO THE PRESENT. By Monroe C. Beardsley. Macmillan. $6.95.

ART AND PHILOSOPHY: A Symposium. Edited by Sidney Hook. University of New York Press. $6.50.

Fiction

AN ACRE OF GRASS. By J. I. M. Stewart. Norton. $4.50.

AMERLOQUE. By Richard Miller. Crown. $4.95.

CHAOS BELOW. By Eugene Vale. Doubleday. $6.95.

CITIES OF WONDER. Edited by Damon Knight. Doubleday. $4.50.

COUNTRY OF THE YOUNG. By Marvin Schiller. Crown. $4.95.

THE FIREDRAKE. By Cecilia Holland. Atheneum. $4.95.

THE FOURTH GIFT. By Elizabeth Borton de Trevino. Doubleday. $4.50.

HARD RAIN FALLING. By Don Carpenter. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95.

THE LAUGHTER OF APHRODITE. By Peter Green. Doubleday. $4.95.

RALPH MAKES GOOD. By Wally Cox. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

REMEMBER WILLIAM KITE? By Stephen Longstreet and E. J. Godoff. Simon & Schuster. $5.95.

A SECOND CHANCE. By Vian Smith. Doubleday. $4.50.

THIS TIME OF MORNING. By Nayantara Sahgal. Norton. $4.50.

History

THE GALVESTON THAT WAS. By Howard Barnstone. Macmillan. $12.95.

THE HOUSE DIVIDES: The Age of Jackson and Lincoln from the War of 1812 to the Civil War. By Paul I. Wellman. Doubleday. $6.95.

THE STRANGE CAREER OF JIM CROW. By C. Vann Woodward. Second Revised Edition. Oxford Univ. Press. Hardbound, $4.50. Paperback, $1.50.

SYMBOLS OF AMERICAN COMMUNITY, 1735-1775. By Richard L. Merritt. Yale Univ. Press. $6.

THE UNCERTAIN GIANT, 1921-1941. By Selig Adler. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE UNITED STATES AND LATIN-AMERICAN WARS, 1932-1942. By Bryce Wood. Columbia Univ. Press. $12.50.

Literary History, Criticism

THE CAVE AND THE MOUNTAIN: A Study of E. M. Forster. By Wilfred Stone. Stanford Univ. Press. $8.95.

ENGLISH BIOGRAPHY IN THE EARLY NINETEENTH CENTURY, 1801-1838. By Joseph W. Reed, Jr. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

Miscellany

AMERICA'S PARADISE LOST. By Willard Price. John Day. $5.95.

DESIGNING WOMAN: The Art and Practice of Theatrical Costume Design. By Virginia Volland. Doubleday. $4.95.

FROM THE GREEN ANTILLES: Writings of the Caribbean. Edited by Barbara Howes. Macmillan. $6.95.

NEW ENGLAND YEAR. By Haydn Pearson. Norton. $4.50.

THE NEW FRONT PAGE. By John Hohenberg. Columbia Univ. Press. $7.95.

Personal History

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF YUKICHI FUKUZAWA. By Yukichi Fukuzawa. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.75.

THE INNOCENT EYE. By Arthur Calder-Marshall. Harcourt, Brace & World. $6.95.

MAI PEN RAI MEANS NEVER MIND. By Carol Hollinger. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95.

A SQUARE OF SKY. By Janina David. Norton. $4.50.

THE THREE LIVES OF CHARLES DE GAULLE. By David Schoenbrun. Atheneum. $6.95.

VOYAGE AND RETURN. By Bernice Kavinoky. Norton. $4.

Poems

POEMS: 1922-1961. By Donald Davidson. Univ. of Minnesota Press. $5.

Political Science

COMPARING NATIONS: The Use of Quantitative Data in Cross-National Research. By Richard L. Merritt and Stein Rokkan. Yale Univ. Press. $12.50.

THE SECOND AMERICAN PARTY SYSTEM: Party Information in the Jacksonian Era. By Richard P. McCormick. Univ. of North Carolina Press. $7.50.

Psychology

THE INNER WORLD OF CHILDHOOD. By Frances G. Wickes. Revised Edition. Appleton-Century. $6.95.

Religion, Philosophy

CHALLENGING CAREERS IN THE CHURCH. By Joseph McCabe. McGraw-Hill. $4.50.

THE CHRISTIAN DEBATE: Light from the East. By Geoffrey Parrinder. Doubleday. $3.95.

CONFLICTING IMAGES OF MAN. Edited by William Nichols. Seabury. $4.95.

CREATIVE BROODING. By Robert Raines. Macmillan. $2.95.

INVITATION TO THE NEW TESTAMENT: A Guide to Its Main Witnesses. By W. D. Davies. Doubleday. $6.95.

THE MAGNIFICENT DEFEAT. By Frederick Buechner. Seabury. $3.50.

MAN'S QUEST FOR GOD: Studies in Prayer and Symbolism. By Abraham J. Heschel. Scribners. $3.95.

MODERN VARIETIES OF JUDAISM. By Joseph L. Blau. Columbia Univ. Press. $5.

RELIGION IN JAPANESE HISTORY. By Joseph M. Kitagawa. Columbia Univ. Press. $8.50.

Science

BIOLOGY AND PERSONALITY: A Symposium. Edited by Ian Ramsey. Barnes & Noble. $6.

LIFE AROUND US. By Fritz-Martin Engel. Crowell. $6.95.

Sociology

IN-SERVICE CASEWORK TRAINING. By Elizabeth Nicholds. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

STAFF DEVELOPMENT IN PUBLIC WELFARE AGENCIES. By Carol H. Meyer. Columbia Univ. Press. $6.

Travel

IAN FLEMING INTRODUCES JAMAICA. Edited by Morris Cargill. Hawthorn. $6.95.

MYRA WALDO'S TRAVEL GUIDE TO EUROPE. By Myra Waldo. Revised Edition. Macmillan. $5.95.

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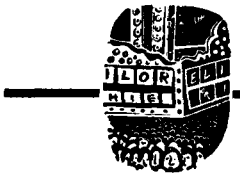

Twice-Told Tales

IF THE central situation of *The Flight of the Phoenix,* a plane downed hundreds of miles off course in the middle of the Sahara with water rations in short supply, sounds terribly trite and familiar, it is the only glaring fault in Robert Aldrich's totally absorbing adaptation of Elleston Trevor's novel. What Aldrich has done with his unpromising premise is sheer directorial tour de force, a matter of building interest first in the international assemblage dumped in the desert, then keeping ateeter the question of escape from their sand-locked tomb. The plot, what little there is of it, hinges on the conflict between seat-of-the-pants pilot James Stewart and Hardy Kruger, a highly scientific but totally inexperienced designer of model planes. Kruger believes that out of the wreckage he can salvage enough materiel to fashion a ship that will carry them all to safety. Stewart, instinctively distrusting the slide-rule approach to aviation, hates the whole idea, but agrees to go along with the plan for the sake of the company's disintegrating morale.

As morale disintegrates, the various nationals are thrown into higher relief. There is Peter Finch, a British officer who seeks to maintain military discipline in a situation completely outside the books; and Richard Attenborough, a British navigator whose fondness for the bottle is partially responsible for the disaster. Christian Marquand plays a French doctor who tries desperately to mediate between Stewart's homespun Americanism and Kruger's excessively Germanic willingness to sacrifice human lives to scientific theory. There is further conflict between men who work with their hands and men who use their heads, and between men whose motives are selfless and men reduced to cunning for self-preservation.

For all their basic disunity, the men are held together by their hope for survival—and gradually, although we get to know all too well their weaknesses and fallibility, hope for their survival dominates the audience as well. Aldrich exposes pitilessly the frailties of the flesh; but as the flesh is rubbed raw by constant exposure to the sun, the sand, and each other, admiration surges for the indomitable spirit that drives them on. Unlike most of today's big films, which have a tendency to run downhill, *The Flight of the Phoenix* constantly tightens to its suspenseful climax. No less important, Aldrich helps remind us what a splendid actor James Stewart can be.

Battle of the Bulge is yet another celluloid rehearsal of the events of World War II, this one flung across Cinerama's ultra-wide screen and fortified by Cinerama's supercharged sound. In the past we have complained that most films about the war have lacked a point of view, that they simply describe events rather than aid our understanding of them. This is not completely true of *Battle of the Bulge.* It seems to be saying that, by all rights, the Germans should have won back there in December of 1944. They were better armed, better organized, better disciplined than our own troops, and they had worked out a bold tactical move that caught us flatfooted. They even had better actors. Robert Shaw is superbly icy and assured as the commander of a German Tiger tank division, and Hans Christian Blech is only a few paces behind as his aging, war-weary corporal. True, our side is commanded by such grizzled veterans of cinematic warfare as Henry Fonda, Robert Ryan, and Dana Andrews, but the script they have to do battle with is riddled with clichés of dialogue and situation. The writers, Philip Yordan, Milton Sperling, and John Melson, after actually going out of their way to avoid historical fact, have been unable to dream up anything half so tragic or inspiring as the events themselves; while Ken Annakin's direction conveys no sense of the terror or the heroism of men facing up to tanks in bitter cold and impenetrable fog. As for the six-foot snows in which they fought, perhaps the *Dr. Zhivago* company, which was also shooting in Spain at the time, garnered all but the few wisps that occasionally decorate the landscapes.

In *Inside Daisy Clover,* the producer-director team of Alan Pakula and Robert Mulligan (*To Kill a Mockingbird*) has tried hard to be cold and cynical about movie making in Hollywood during the Thirties, but it just isn't in them. Their picture, based on Gavin Lambert's novel, seems to be fighting itself all the way, wavering between detached observation and tentative stabs at sympathy and understanding for an assortment of characters who are seldom sympathetic and rarely understandable. Natalie Wood strains as Daisy, a nymphet being groomed for stardom, and Christopher Plummer shifts gears between takes as the suave and sadistic studio head who fancies himself a Svengali. One can't imagine Louis B. Mayer or Jack Warner putting up with this Trilby's shenanigans for two minutes, much less twelve reels.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

STRICTLY FROM HUNGER

Randolph Goodman of Brooklyn, N.Y., invites *SR* readers to a full-course dinner—and to the morning after—if they can tell who provided each item on the menu. Free-loaders can turn to page 53.

( )	This night I hold an old accustom'd feast Whereto I have invited many a guest.	1. Lewis Carroll
( )	I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,	2. Ernest Dowson
( )	Beautiful Soup, so rich and green, Waiting in a hot tureen.	3. T. S. Eliot
( )	We ate pickerel and mackerel And other lavish provender,	4. Samuel Johnson
( )	Winter-grain sprouts and those of the light-yellow corn, and the esculent roots of the garden,	5. John Keats
( )	Venison, turtle, hock and claret— Good cheer—and those who come to share it—	6. Ogden Nash
( )	With jellies soother than the creamy curd, And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon.	7. Alexander Pope
( )	For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned, The berries crackle, and the mill turns around.	8. William Shakespeare
( )	Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines:	9. Percy Bysshe Shelley
( )	The morning comes to consciousness Of faint stale smells of beer.	10. Walt Whitman

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Automation and the Negro

A MOST WELCOME handbook is being distributed by National Educational Television to supplement its nine-program series, *History of the Negro People*, which has concluded in New York City but is now being shown on ETV stations throughout the country. The first eight programs, which were produced, and for the most part written, by Arthur W. Rabin and narrated by Ossie Davis, illuminate, in an authoritative, moving manner, broad aspects of Negro experience in ancient and contemporary Africa, in Brazil, and in the United States. The ninth program is a symposium devoted to "The Future and the Negro," in which Mr. Davis is host to Basil Davidson, noted British writer and authority on Africa; John Hope Franklin, historian; Chief S. O. Adebo, Nigerian Ambassador to the United Nations; Dr. Antonio Olinto, Brazilian writer; and Dr. John A. Davis, president of the American Society for African Culture.

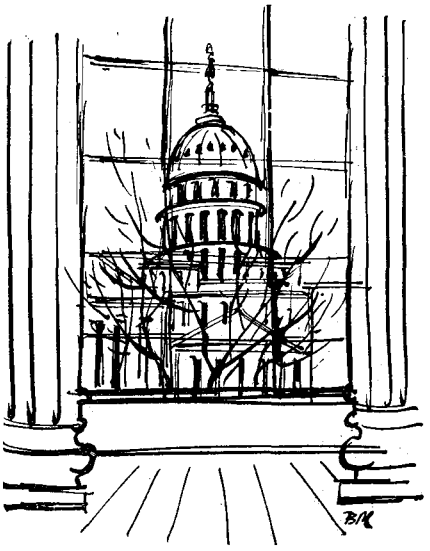
The handbook contains descriptions of and suggested readings for the first eight programs, as well as the text of the wide-ranging, provocative symposium (much of which is not heard on the air because it had to be cut from two hours to ninety minutes to fit the time slot). Unfortunately, it does not contain a reading list for the last and most important program. The many religious, civic, and other organizations that are arranging discussion groups in connection with the programs would surely find such a list helpful, particularly if it provided specific proposals for solutions to the problems of the Negro future raised in the panel.

Solutions were mentioned by the guests, but only in the most general terms. Any study group that takes its job seriously ought to come to grips with specifics. This is a unique series, the most definitive and imaginative yet produced in American television on American Negro history. It will be re-run and widely viewed; its influence can be significant. I would suggest, as a supplementary reading list to the ninth program, Daniel Patrick Moynihan's paper, "Employment, Income, and the Ordeal of the Negro Family," in the fall 1965 issue of *Daedalus*, which is devoted to the Negro American. The former Assistant Secretary of Labor notes the gains made by middle-class Negroes in several Northern cities, where their incomes and life styles approximate those of the white middle class. But then he points out that automation, at the very moment of the greatest success of the civil rights drive, is wiping out "about 40,000 unskilled jobs a week in the sector of industry where Negro workers are concentrated."

MR. Moynihan writes that deliberate planning by governmental and private agencies will be necessary, and that structural changes will have to take place, if Negroes "are not to become a permanent *lumpenproletariat* within American society." A radical proposal for such change has been advanced by Gunnar Myrdal and twenty-nine other scholars, writers, and political scientists who wrote to President Johnson to suggest that society "undertake an unqualified commitment to provide every individual and every family with an adequate income as a matter of right." Only in this way, the proposers argue, can we successfully adjust to the effects of large-scale automation. Mr. Moynihan observes that such a transformation would profit Negroes even more than whites; but "demands for radical reforms of this type have not arisen from within the civil rights movement, whose leaders accept a middle-class work ethic that is incompatible with such a solution." The distinguished participants in the final program of *History of the Negro People* did recognize the depressing effect of advancing automation on the aspirations of the Negro masses in America. Dr. Davis said: "The Negro really in the riots is merely reflecting what will happen to everybody unless we get cracking very quickly on this [automation] problem."

Basil Davidson identified the same problem in the international sphere. "Africans," he remarked, "have liberated themselves with great vigor, courage, and success in the last ten or fifteen years. The fact remains that their economic situation in the world has been gradually getting worse. The poor nations are getting poorer and most of them happen to be colored, and the rich nations are getting richer, and most of them happen to be Caucasians. . . . Until that process of impoverishment and enrichment is modified, and indeed reversed, altered, overcome, we shall not get very far." None of the panel guests disagreed with this diagnosis, but neither did anyone suggest a specific therapy. Ideally, NET ought to produce a tenth program to deal with specifics of possible solutions. The nine programs fill adequately the need for an accurate view of the Negro past. The present is all around us. The Negro future, however, is inextricably bound up, in an automating world, with the white man's. Dr. Davis is right. We ought to get cracking on the problem—but how? Generalities give limited guidance. What is required is a critical scrutiny of alternatives. NET, which is stepping up its leadership pace in educational television, might well take the first crack.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.



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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Why Goethe Didn't Answer Beethoven

IN HIS program notes for the most recent Philharmonic Orchestra concert, which offered a rare opportunity for hearing Beethoven's settings of *Calm Sea* and *Prosperous Voyage*, Edward Downes quotes a letter from the composer to Goethe, author of the texts. It followed by some months Beethoven's dispatch of a score to the poet, whom he revered, and from whom he had received no acknowledgment. Adds Downes: "Still no answer from Goethe!" The implication is, of course, that Goethe was a rude man who lacked appreciation of the compliment paid to him.

Thanks to some intensive excavation in the Goethe archives at upper Weimar, we (Deryck Cooke, Joseph Wheeler, and I) have pieced together fragments of a letter, which might be the one that Goethe wrote but never sent (somewhat like the famous "Immortal Beloved" letters of the composer himself). It reads approximately as follows:

> Dear Beethoven:
>
> Your setting of my texts *Meeresstille* and *Gluckliche Fahrt* is informed with the kind of high-minded impulse of which the world so well knows you are possessed. However it is in every other way without a trace of the genius I have admired in so many of your other works. I am compelled to observe, also—since you press me for comment in your letter, with the words "It would afford me much pleasure to know whether I had united my harmony with yours in appropriate fashion"—that it is not worthy of the genius in my poems either.
>
> With all good wishes,
> Goethe
>
> JW v G: I.K.

This little lesson in composer-poet relations was incidental to the main matter of the evening, which was a performance of Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*. Why William Steinberg, who arranged the program, considered it desirable to preface Verdi's masterpiece with a commonplace work of Beethoven's is anybody's guess—mine is that he had a chorus available anyway, and didn't know what else to do with it. By Steinberg's lights, this was a carefully prepared, often beautifully articulated treatment of Verdi; by the composer's *Lux aeterna* it was a small-scaled, rather bland response to a work whose sobriety and eloquence challenge the greatest of which any interpreter is capable. I do not doubt that Steinberg responded in kind, but it was far too little by the measure of other performances that have been heard here in the last dozen years or so (not only those of Toscanini and Walter). Of the soloists, the women (Martina Arroyo, soprano, and Maureen Forrester, mezzo) excelled the men (Richard Lewis, an emergency replacement for the indisposed Jon Vickers, tenor, and Ezio Flagello, bass). The Collegiate Chorale, whose conductor is now Abraham Kaplan, sustained its tradition of excellence in this work.

THE conventional thing to say of Vladimir Ashkenazy and Malcolm Frager, who made their first appearance together in Carnegie Hall lately in one of the two-piano recitals with which they have been delighting audiences in the USSR, Iceland, Belgium, and elsewhere in the last few years, is that they play like one. That would also be the accurate thing to say if it is added that the one they play like is not quite the same as either alone: each yields a little of his own individuality and absorbs something of the other's to create a composite as fluent as it is mellifluous.

To the Russian, the American winner of the Brussels Competition (in 1960) imparts something of his special drive and rhythmic impulse; to the American, the Russian winner of the Brussels Competition (in 1956) lends what he can readily spare from his abundant sense of pianistic color and feeling for phrase. When they encounter a piece of music that absorbs the blend of virtues that results—in this program, it seemed to me, the three sections of the Rachmaninoff Fantasy, Op. 5, qualified more closely than anything else—it was an experience as refreshing in its finesse as it was stimulating in its youthful exuberance. This is early Rachmaninoff (he had won his gold medal at the Moscow Conservatory only the year before) but already full of the composer's rich conception of pianistic sonority, especially in the carillon-chords of the concluding "Easter" section.

For the most part, the Ashkenazy-Frager results did not quite rise to the heights that might have been anticipated. The D-major sonata of Mozart is an engaging piece, but of the decorative strain in the composer's nature rather than the deeply expressive; the Schumann Andante and Variations (Op. 46) are not the best of the composer's writing for two pianos. Easily the most substantial matter of the evening was the Bartók sonata for two pianos, with the percussion superbly played by Saul Goodman and Harold Farberman. Here, at last, all the impulses of the players were concentrated, interchanged, reborn, to a result of mounting excitement.

The Metropolitan's second *Fidelio* of the season was not much better than the first, though there was the novelty of different causes for the same end. Principal among them were the limited results achieved by Ludmilla Dvorakova, a new soprano from Czechoslovakia by way of Munich, in her debut as Fidelio. She made an appealing impression at her first appearance (trim figure, a little too much "prettiness" in facial makeup for this "male" role), but it is hardly a promising sign when the Marzelline of the Canon quartet—the young American soprano Mary Ellen Pracht—musters a better quality of sound and more vocal discipline than the Fidelio. Dvorakova's pronouncement of the vengeful *"Abscheulicher"* was reproachful rather than intimidating, the aria that followed intelligently performed but with thick, unlovely sound. Her high register is ample and well-centered (somewhat in the manner of Leonie Rysanek) but too much has been sacrificed, at the bottom and in the middle, for this single advantage. In a smaller theater, probably, the scale would sound better equalized, but what the Metropolitan demands in volume for so dramatic a role as Fidelio converts a flaw into a fault. The cast was otherwise as before, not merely in personnel (Otto Edelmann as Rocco, Geraint Evans as Pizzaro, and James King as Florestan) but also in quality.

WHATEVER was bothering Birgit Nilsson at her first Metropolitan appearance of the season was absent at the second, a *Salome* that found her in bountiful vocal health. It contained, also, some refinements of action that expanded the dramatic detail of her performances of last season, all to the gain of the special kind of petulant, wilful Salome she portrays. With Karl Boehm in resolute command of the momentum in the score and the scenic design of Rudolf Heinrich better looking, even, than before (improved lighting, perhaps) this was a sounder, surer *Salome* than any predecessor in the current sequence. One contribution to this end was the rich sound of Raymond Michalski's voice as the first Soldier; another, John Macurdy as the first Nazarene.

There were some changes that were also improvements in the broadcast performance of *Pique Dame*, probably its best to date. At the top of the list was Walter Cassel's Count Tomsky, especially for the clarity of his English enunciation, and Jean Madeira's well-sung Countess. Thomas Schippers has rarely conducted anything better, few things as well.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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"The Meditations" of Marcus Aurelius

By KENNETH REXROTH

IF A COLLEGE STUDENT'S mother died, his girl got pregnant, he acquired a loathesome disease, or decided to become a conscientious objector, would he go to his philosophy professor for advice? What we call philosophy today is a complicated method of avoiding all the important problems of life. This was not always so. From Thales to Kant, philosophers justified their art as the foundation of the understanding of human conduct. Cosmology, ontology, metaphysics issued finally in ethics, politics, morals—the principles of the relationships between men, in their understanding and in their action upon them, which is called wisdom or virtue.

Even with the current fashion of existentialism, no one would now dare write a book like Marcus Aurelius's *To Himself* or, as we call it in English, *The Meditations,* and present it to the world as philosophy. He didn't either. But, once published, these, his most intimate thoughts, were considered among the most precious philosophical utterances of antiquity by his contemporaries, by all Western civilizations after they returned to favor at the Renaissance, and most especially by the Victorian English, among whom *The Meditations* was a household book.

By and large most Roman exponents of Stoicism are suspect. Seneca and Cicero were patent rascals and hypocrites. Roman Stoicism was a systematic apology of the ruling class to its own conscience. Of all the systems of late antiquity, Stoicism had the most coherent philosophy of nature, all elements of which were in immediately demonstrable necessary relationship with its ethics. Virtue and physics were interdependent and deducible one from the other, in either direction. Yet it all made so little difference. The style of Seneca gives him away, a spellbinder of the Social Lie. We might deduce from his prose that he was the mentor of Nero, the man who butchered Britons to collect a bad debt. Marcus Aurelius has been condemned in similar terms. Is this just? I think not. The style reveals the man. Where Seneca is nothing but shameless rhetoric, Marcus Aurelius is utterly unrhetorical. His crabbed Greek is as honest and as uncouth as Theodore Dreiser at his most sincere. Contrary to all the critics, this is a great style of a great man.

Those with an apocalyptic view of history – Augustine, Gibbon, Spengler, Toynbee—date the decline and fall of Rome from the reign of the noblest of her emperors. His rule extended from the Carpathians to the Sahara and from Scotland to Persia. Never again has life been so secure and affluent all over Western Europe. Only this once, in the years from Hadrian to Marcus, did Europe achieve the ecumenical peace and civilization of the Chinese Empire at its greatest periods. Under Marcus it began to disintegrate.

There have been other philosopher kings—Alfred, Federigo Due, St. Louis, Freidrich der Grösse—but their powers have been feeble or their nations barbarous or their philosophies pernicious. Marcus ruled over an entire and achieved civilization and he was a saint as well as a philosopher. Gibbon's description of Antonine Rome is simply the generalized utopian myth of his own eighteenth century at its narrow best. This is the world Gibbon would have liked to live in. Once it had actually existed and it has never come back.

In twenty years, under a wise ruler who was also a skilful and intrepid general, the ripe midsummer of empire tumbled into stormy autumn, beset with foreign invasion and domestic strife that would persist relentlessly until the end of Western civilization—until, in fact, today.

Literary masterpieces should be independent of their authors. The background of nemesis against which we project the devotions of Marcus shapes our judgment. Would his book be a great classic if we knew nothing of its circumstances? It is impossible to say because the two factors are inextricably confused. What is great about *The Meditations* is not philosophy. It is autobiography.

If we want Stoic ethics pure, we can always turn to the dry, sharp paragraphs of Epictetus, whose works are commonly bound up with those of Marcus. He philosophizes; Marcus prays. So *The Meditations* have a certain monotony—

the monotony of the first phase of prayer, examination of conscience. "Have I kept my temper?" "Have I given way to despair?" "Have I accepted Reality's orders of the day?" "Have I forgiven insult and injury?" "Do I fear death or disaster?" Epictetus preaches Stoic "ataraxy," apathy, the unruffledness of the Buddhists, the acceptance without resentment of whatever may befall. Marcus struggles to obtain it in act. So Epictetus is arrogant. He knows. Marcus is humble. He tries and admits his failures.

Behind the cocksureness of the Stoic system, to which Marcus gives credal assent and whose argot he uses constantly, hides another, more profound life attitude, similar to what today we call existentialism, especially as we find it in its most anguished exponents, for instance Scheler. There is only *this*—beginning and ending in oblivion. Its meaning is mystery. Only one thing is sometimes under my control—my response. I can accept or reject. If I accept whatever happens I am at peace. Once I disagree with fact, I am doomed to agony and frustration.

Marcus circles around and around the puzzle of being, through the labyrinth of life, like Proust without the narrative. "Nothing can happen to a man that nature has not equipped him to endure." Marcus says this over and over, trying to convince himself of something so evidently false. The final referent is the integrity of the person. The moral issues with which Marcus struggles would be, as he points out, unchanged, whether the universe were mechanical and devoid of meaning or value, or ruled by deity or Providence, whether the will were in fact free or determined, whether there were or were not a future life, or any even fugitive rewards and punishments at all.

So finally it is the autobiography that is important as philosophy. Marcus Aurelius is not only the first author of antiquity to give us a spiritual autobiography; he is the first philosopher to found wisdom not on system but on existence at its inescapable minimum. He died in the marshes of Hungary holding the collapsing frontier. He could not control a promiscuous wife, a brutal son, or the growing disorder of the Empire. Who can? But he could leave to posterity the searchings of the heart of a man at the summit of meaningless power in a time of the onset of catastrophe. Since this is always the situation of all of us, his book remains what it has been so often called, one of the sweetest fruits of antiquity.

Incomparably the best translation of *The Meditations* is the new one in the Penguin Classics by Maxwell Staniforth. It is eminently readable, never rhetorical, and the introduction is both judicious and sympathetic.

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The Courtroom

Continued from page 25

miliar with the citation. Would Erskine bring it in? Erskine would.

The court took a recess to afford Erskine time to find the citation in the library. He was back in ten minutes, not only with the citation but also with a later California Supreme Court decision on the same point. In chambers, the judge now read the cases carefully in the company of the P.D. and the D.A.

Back on the bench, the judge said that, according to the citations, "There is no probable cause for arrest in the instant case." The search was deemed illegal and the case was dismissed. The D.A. shot a look of grudging admiration at Erskine. Only about 10 per cent of cases are ever dismissed in this first stage.

What the P.D.'s speed, diligence, and knowledge of law proved in this case, the judge told me later, was not that the defendant was innocent—because appearances were obviously against him—but that in some cases, the law will not permit a guilty defendant to be found guilty if the methods used in acquiring evidence are illegal, or violate civil rights in the search procedures.

That case took no special preparation. When a man is charged with first-degree murder, however, Erskine has the personal background, the staff, and the time to see that every possible step is taken to save his life. He employed all these assets ably in the defense of a thirty-year-old man, Watson, with a history of brain damage, who, when surprised in the act of burglarizing a home, had bludgeoned the home-owner to death with a tire iron. (Watson is not the defendant's name.)

There was immense and intensive groundwork to be laid before the trial. Erskine asked his investigators to talk to relatives, friends, and ex-employers to build a profile of the man Watson. He had personal interviews with a score of people, analyzed their information "to get some sort of flavor, how this or that person would be as a witness, and in what areas a witness was particularly strong."

Erskine handles about ten or twelve murder cases a year, and such trials take a great deal out of any sensitive lawyer. Deeply read in philosophy and religion, Erskine tries to remain detached about his cases. He tells you: "People sometimes ask how I can defend a guilty man. Well, I am not the judge or the jury. I am his counselor before the trial; that is, giving my client advice as to what to do, and determining procedures. I am his advocate during the trial; that is, standing in the courtroom to give the defendant's side so that the trier of fact—the judge and the jury—may more fairly come to a decision concerning the man's guilt or innocence."

A capital case, in this state, is in two phases: the jury brings in its verdict of guilt or innocence; then the same jury sits in the "penalty phase" to hear mitigating evidence from the defender, and aggravating evidence from the prosecutor, before deciding on the sentence. In the first phase, the jury found Watson guilty.

The penalty phase was crucial, for in the burglary-murder, Watson had used the tire iron. The prosecutor now brought out that some years earlier Watson had been charged with robbery and assault "using an iron bar." In inexperienced hands, the indelicate handling of that prior offense could have meant the electric chair for Watson. Erskine, with his vast knowledge of juries, faced the problem by putting his client on the stand and bringing out publicly that while Watson had been guilty of a robbery—his only other arrest—he had not confessed to using an iron bar. Through his probing concern for his client, Erskine showed the jury that the prior offense looked worse than it really was. The jury decided on a life sentence. Where a human life is at stake, Erskine feels the responsibility deeply. He says, "There is only one satisfaction we can get from life that cannot be taken from us—and that is to see our duty, and to attempt to perform it as we see it. The goal then is not simply saving this man's life. The goal is the diligent performance of one's duty. And from that may well come the saving of a man's life and a degree of happiness."

THE public defender, working closely every day with the public prosecutor, in courts where he also becomes well known to the judge, is certain to have close working relationships with them. The reputation of the Los Angeles defenders is high among members of the judiciary and the bar. Judge Walker told me: "If I were a defendant in a case and could not hire Joseph Bull [a noted defense attorney] I would rather have the public defender than anyone in the city. Clients, especially in the criminal trials, need the most experienced defense we have."

Evelle Younger, the district attorney, said: "As lawyers, the P.D.s are excellent. I think that public defender offices are needed in every metropolitan area, including New York. It's just as high a calling to defend the accused as it is to appear on behalf of the people."

The criticism that the public defender, by working closely with the judges and D.A.s, may develop such harmony with them that he becomes less zealous in his duties to his clients is ridiculed by the P.D.'s traditional adversary. Why should the defender, asks the D.A., truckle to the government that pays his salary, any more than the judges and district attorneys who are also government employees? If anything, specialization results in more efficient operation.

Probably the best reason why the public defender system for the accused poor is superior to all the other systems is that few lawyers have contact with the practice of criminal law. Most lawyers are not interested in criminal law, because 1) it doesn't pay well, except for perhaps a score of practitioners; and 2) they generally regard persistent representation of the criminal element as to some extent degrading.

Under the public defender system, the accused poor have a defender as of right. Unlike Legal Aid or the assigned lawyers, the public defender system is an integral part of the judicial machinery of the state—an arm of the court. The system is a true reflection of a community's sense of responsibility to its poorest citizens. In short, it gives reality to the ideal of the late Learned Hand, Chief Judge of the U.S. Court of Appeals: "There must be one commandment: Thou shalt not ration justice."

The issue is acute throughout the country's courts, including the federal courts, for there are no public defenders for federal cases. President Johnson signed a bill last year to provide free legal counsel for indigent defendants facing charges in federal courts—but the new law omitted the public defender clause.

Perhaps the best comment on the system comes from the people defended. The other day Erskine was putting dimes and quarters in the sandwich and coffee machines in the lobby of the Hall of Justice when a red-haired woman stared at him, tearful and nervous. Suddenly she hugged and held him. Her husband, a tall, rugged man, looked on, smiling sheepishly with approval. "I had to thank you, Mr. Erskine, and I'm sorry I'm interrupting your lunch again," she blurted out.

Not long before Erskine had dropped everything to cut through bureaucratic red tape and get her son's case (involving narcotics) into court by 2 o'clock so that he would not have to spend the night in prison. (The young man had been in a hospital; his doctor felt that if he were remanded to prison detention his medical progress would be impeded.) Now the son is holding a job and straightening out, and the mother says: "You did things for us that private attorneys don't do for people. Thank God for public defenders."

An immense shyness envelops Erskine at such moments. He fumbled in his jacket to get out his cigarettes. He murmured something like "N t at all"—but that moment had ma e his day.

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Angel

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—E. Fred Sherr.

A panoramic view of the Rodgers and Hammerstein Archives of Recorded Sound. In the foreground is a display case whose contents include a letter by Nicolai Rimsky-Korsakov praising a recording he had heard; in the middle distance, some of the listening booths; in the distance, the card catalogue of its collection.

THE NEW LONG-PLAYING LIBRARIES

SR/RECORDINGS

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By DAVID DACHS

NOT ALL New Yorkers are equally happy with the removal of the music collection of the Forty-second Street library to its new quarters in Lincoln Center's Library-Museum—especially those who have been long attached to its solid estate at Forty-second Street and find the new surroundings garish, not to say distracting—but one benefit cannot be denied. That is the activation, after many, many years of stagnation, of the enormous collection of recordings and tapes that have been gathered together by Chief Librarian Philip L. Miller ever since he became associated with "the Forty-second Street" more than thirty years ago.

Now totaling somewhere around 100,000 items, the collection ranges widely as well as in depth over a long perspective of recording history and as many kinds of music, probably, as there have been men to write it. Since it began to grow in the Thirties, 78 RPMs are the core of the collection, but they have been augmented not only by a wide swath of the LPs that began to appear in the late Forties, but also by acquisitions that go back to the dawn of recording history by means of cylinders, "hill and dale" discs (the kind in which the stylus travels up and down over patterns in the bottom of the groove rather than from side to side), and other innovations that have come and gone.

Thanks to a generous contribution from the foundation created by the famous team of Rodgers and Hammerstein (whose name the collection now bears), the treasure of recorded sound—which includes many items that even the most avid discophile has only heard of and rarely heard—can now be consulted as easily as books, scores, periodicals, etc. Though the user may never see the source of the sound to which he is listening by headphones (the collection is housed in a spacious basement area under optimum conditions of temperature and humidity), he can, from one of ten listening booths, adjust the sound to his preference in volume, frequency response, and balance. And if the stylus snags or the tape jumps, he can signal his distress by pressing the button thoughtfully marked "Trouble." This alerts the attendant five floors below to the mal-

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function and—if all goes according to plan—initiates corrective measures.

Extensive as it is, the Rodgers and Hammerstein collection is not the only listening facility in the Library-Museum. The building is a veritable beehive of listening activity, embracing a circulating record collection on the third floor, and auxiliary positions in the museum section of the huge building (which houses, under the same capacious roof, the Vivian Beaumont Theater). Among the series of exhibits currently on view is one devoted to the activities of scenic designer Joseph Urban; another concerned with a history of the theater in New York; and a third depicting the dance theater of Martha Graham. Each is provided with a file of recordings related to the subject of the exhibit, and the viewer can become an auditor merely by taking the album to a nearby turntable, adjusting the headphones, and surrendering himself to the sound.

As the newest addition to the art resources of the country—it had its formal opening only last November and is still in the "setting up" phase—the Library-Museum is, understandably, the most comprehensive facility in existence. But it has many, many counterparts elsewhere, not so extensive perhaps, but with longer, highly honorable traditions of service and use. It has now become a necessity for librarians to be as versed in the techniques of sound craft as they are in those of the printed media. Many of them are as familiar with the Schwann catalogue as they are with *Publishers' Weekly*, and as the younger specialists in the field replace the older, they bring the new enthusiasms with them. Cincinnati was one of the first to make elaborate architectural provisions for records, but St. Paul, Minnesota (according to historians of the subject), was the first to institute a department (in 1914). Now they have counterparts in towns from the size of Millerton, New York, to the middle-sized one at Flint, Michigan, to the largest in the land.

Currently, there are approximately 4,000 public libraries, exclusive of school and college libraries, that offer recordings as a library service. The authority for this figure is Leon Golovner, of Chesterfield Music Shops, a New York mail-order house that specializes in library and school sale of recordings of all labels. Incidentally, in library literature, recordings are called a variety of names—phonodiscs, phonorecords, audio-visual materials, as well as plain proletarian records or LPs.

The library record boom extends everywhere, from the Concord, Massachusetts, Public Library to the Sioux City, Iowa, Library, which started with 200 records in 1950 and now has a collection of 6,000. Years ago, the Midwestern library had a weekly circulation of fifty; now more than 1,000 a week are checked out, at no charge. Sioux City reports a cosmopolitan collection, from Beethoven and Samuel Barber to *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* and *The Fantasticks*. Marjorie Howe, director of the Concert Room of the library, says: "Our patrons are wonderfully grateful for the privilege of borrowing records from the library."

Who takes out recordings? A violin student borrows recordings of Heifetz, Stern, and Menuhin. In Forest Hills, New York, a production of *Così fan tutte* is put on in the schools as part of what is amusingly called a "culture package." Suddenly there is a run on LPs of the Mozart comedy about the legendary fickleness of femininity.

A teacher borrows the poetry of Langston Hughes on record for National Brotherhood Week. A Long Island teenager walks into his neighborhood library to find cultural nourishment in the latest Beatles LP. Yes (or should it be "Yeah"?), some libraries do buy Beatles records if their adolescent patrons request them.

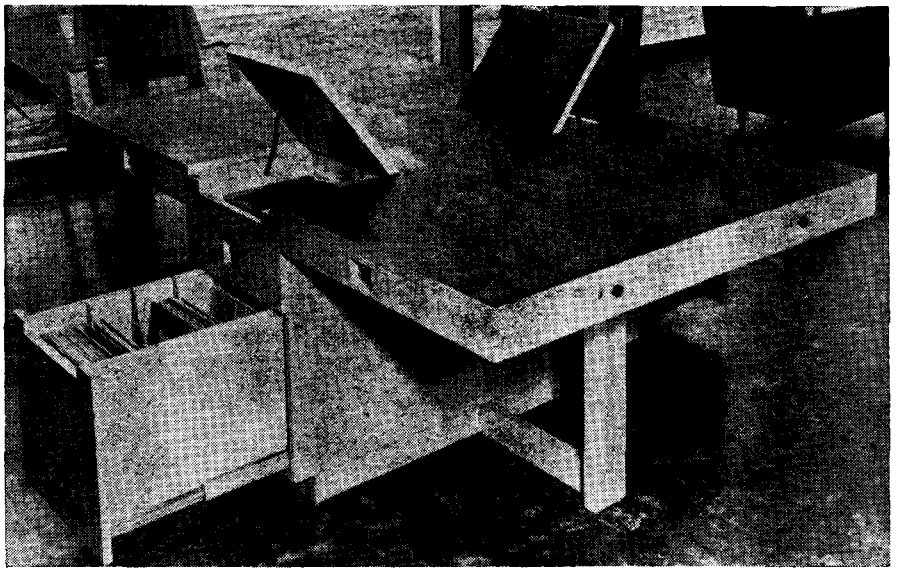
Here are some other requests, noted by the Children's Record Loan Library of Glen Ridge, New Jersey: "Cowboy records for use in a radio program on Western life"; "simple Spanish phrases like 'Good Morning' for a third-grade class"; "Can-Can and Charleston records to use as an accompaniment to practice for a variety show"; "records of the music of various countries on which students are doing special projects"; "Morse-code recordings for Boy Scouts working on their badges."

Ted Lindgren, Director of Education for Capitol Records, comments, "Our sales of recordings to libraries have increased 50 per cent in the last decade." Columbia, RCA Victor, and Capitol publish special catalogues to reach the combined library and school market estimated at $9,000,000 a year. Capitol, for example, cleverly suggests the interrelationship of the world of literature and that of the long-playing record by having the front cover of its latest 104-page school and library catalogue depict books, down the spine of which run the legends: "Bach," "Brahms," "Chopin," and "Wagner." A direct-mail firm, in its direct-mail promotion, offers records in mint condition, overnight service, and orders filled promptly and completely by "our staff of musicologists."

Along with the library LP boom, there has been a sonic boom of record-related products, such as record-shelving for libraries, hardy album covers, record-cleaning agents, and professional cataloguing services. One of the most popular of the latter is Audio-Cardalog, of Larchmont, New York, run by an audio-visual expert, Max "Pat" Bildersee. This monthly record-data service, which costs $25 a year, provides cross-indexed, three-by-five punched file cards containing lucid synopses of recordings (new releases as well as standard catalogue fare) of every genre: classical music, opera, plays, children's works, and poetry. The cards also note speed, applicability of the records to certain age groups, and possible cultural utilization in varying subject areas. Says Bildersee:

"As I see it, the major trend is enlargement. The library record collections are growing in scope. More and more library systems that once had records for internal listening only are now lending them out as they do books."

An informal check reveals that library record collections vary in content, size, and their approach to charging the borrower. Frequently, a medium-sized city has a more ambitious disc collection than a big city. Some libraries do not charge for taking out LPs; some charge 5 cents a day per disc. In a Queens, New York,



Listening facilities at the Grosse Point, Michigan, library.

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library, in the midst of a blond-wood shelf holding a compact collection of LPs, a small sign reads: "Receipts will be used to purchase new records."

Starting in the East, one of the heavyweights among library record collections is at the Donnell Public Library on West Fifty-third Street, opposite the Museum of Modern Art. A steady parade of jeans-clad, black-booted folk singers, young sopranos in dresses, conductors, directors, "Method" and non-Method actors and actresses, and young playwrights walks out of its doors with operas, folk music, symphonies, plays, and Broadway musicals. Donnell, which started with 3,000 records in 1955, had 22,000 in 1965. Last year card-holders took out more than 170,000 discs.

The Brooklyn main library at Grand Army Plaza has a respectable 11,000 in circulation, and a 1,400-disc reference wing. The Queens main library at present has a meager but well-circulated collection of 1,200, which is kept in the Art and Music Department. Foreign-language LPs are shelved elsewhere in the library's language division. Which recordings are most popular? At the Queens library, the most popular classical composers are, predictably, Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven. Folk music devotees cotton to Joan Baez, the Kingston Trio, and Bob Dylan. Shakespeare plays are always in demand, while jazz discs are a problem, for borrowers often do not return them. The most popular single LP seems to be the cast album of *West Side Story*. "Somebody is always taking that out," a library source said.

Interestingly enough, some librarians say that a lot of teachers prefer to take out the old, maligned 78s, rather than the LPs, as they find them easier to play in class. They merely play the side they want to, without having to hunt up the proper band on an LP.

IN THE hyperactive Forest Hills (Queens) Public Library, near where I live, a librarian reported that record-borrowing is rather poor, compared to the circulation of books (3,000 a day). Apparently in a rather affluent community patrons can buy the discs they want. However, when the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater produced *Tartuffe*, there was a run on the recording of the play.

In Louisville, whose symphony orchestra has done much to enrich libraries elsewhere with its program of commissioning and *recording* new works, John E. Frey, assistant director of the Free Public Library, observes "Our circulating collection of more than 15,000 LPs has a use of more than 100 per cent each month."

But this is only the surface sound. Two library-operated FM stations (WFPL and WFPK) play long-playing records and pre-recorded tapes twelve hours a day, seven days a week, all year long. Even citizens without an FM radio are accommodated; they can borrow FM receivers on a library card. The Louisville library's audio-visual division also broadcasts music over some 400 leased wires to city hospitals and listening rooms scattered through its branch libraries and the University of Louisville.

Worth noting is that a 1959 study published in *Educational Screen and AV Guide* emphasized that since the start of the audio-visual program, book circulation had shot up 40 per cent.

Recordings are of increasing interest to the District of Columbia Public Library. Its concern for recordings was greatly stimulated by a daughter of Admiral Nimitz who worked there during World War II as a music librarian. The Enoch Pratt Free Library of Baltimore has had a disc collection since the Depression days of 1937, when it started to acquire 78s. It now has an impressive collection of 16,000. Records are loaned out without charge one year after purchase. Like many libraries, it offers a separate rental collection that charges three cents a day per disc.

Moving westward, Detroit has a collection of approximately 20,000 LPs in its main library, as well as an important archive collection of historically valuable 78s. For circulating purposes there are 11,000 different discs and 9,000 duplicate copies. The library is in the midst of a Cultural Center, and a thesis-throw from Wayne University, an educational River Rouge with 25,000 students.

According to Kurz Myers, the head of Music and the Performing Arts, the recordings are loaned out on a rental basis of five cents a day for each disc. "The rental scheme was started in the Depression days and has never been replaced," he says.

This pay-as-you-borrow policy is used to strengthen the collection. Seven branch libraries have their own independently run record collections. Children's records are available to parents and teachers without charge on a sort of demonstration basis. Besides its expanding record division, Detroit's main library takes pride in its array of record magazines and catalogues. Besides U.S. record literature, it possesses foreign catalogues, current issues and extensive files of such magazines as *Fono Forum, Disques,* and *Musica e Dischi.*

The New Orleans main public library has a rather lusty collection of 10,000 discs, of which 75 per cent is classical music. Further west, Gordon Stevenson, head of the Art and Music Department of the Kansas City Public Library, reports that he watches over a 5,000-disc collection, covering classical music, folk, and ethnic music, children's records, poetry, drama, instruction, documentaries, a smattering of jazz, foreign-language instruction, reading-improvement records, and shorthand-dictation instruction. This Kansas City library does not charge library card-holders for taking out records. "This library and most libraries are tax-supported public institutions," says Mr. Stevenson. "We are free public libraries and this philosophy has been the guiding light of librarianship in the United States for over a hundred years."

California libraries, which once suffered from an overemphasis on film materials, took a good look at its records in 1953 with the establishment of a recording subcommittee. Today California has many active library record collections, notably libraries at Long Beach and Berkeley. Widespread borrowing of LPs is prodded by geography, too.

Some of the California libraries have a goodly supply of 78s, but the accent is on LPs of serious music, folk music, and foreign languages, intermixed with spoken word, Broadway show music, film soundtracks, and "pops."

Oddly enough, in Los Angeles there exists a peculiar paradox. In that city, which combines a hyperactive cultural syndrome and a show-biz approach, the Los Angeles Central Library's collection of 3,000 discs is available only for in-library listening. "We have unsuccessfully proposed the circulation of records for many years," sighed Ernest Siegel, director of the Rufus B. Von Kleinsmid Central Library, recently.

SOME students of librarianship state that libraries started to edge toward buying and offering records around World War I. Some pioneers collected wax cylinders and Edison's Blue-Amberol recordings, and in Kansas City librarians collected and circulated piano rolls in the early 1920s.

An early starter, too, was Detroit, and in a fascinating little discography, "List of Music Records," published by the library there in 1925, there is printed this fact: "These music records circulate only to schools, clubs, and other groups. They are not for home use."

The catalogue has a cosmopolitan air to it. Listed in fine print are works of Puccini, Verdi, Wagner, Handel, and performances by Caruso, Gigli, and Farrar. A preview of Broadway original-cast albums is seen in a recording titled *Gems of Robin Hood*, a selection of Reginald de Koven's music from the operetta *Robin Hood* performed by the Victor Light Opera Company. Noted, too, in the discography are recordings of piano music, violin music, band music, and ostensible folk songs of the American Indian.

From these beginnings, libraries started to move cautiously toward recordings, pushed quietly by discophiles

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Berlioz or Crespin?

THE STORY of the trials undergone by Hector Berlioz on behalf of his operatic masterpiece, *Les Troyens*, is a familiar one but, for all that, no less tragic in the retelling. From the days of his childhood, the composer had two literary heroes: Shakespeare and Virgil. The first of these was to inspire the *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, the opéra-comique *Béatrice et Bénédict*, the early cantata *La Mort de Cléopâtra*, and the Funeral March from *Hamlet*. In the case of Virgil, the *Aeneid* gave rise to Berlioz's grand opera *Les Troyens*, for which he cast his own libretto dealing with Cassandra's prophecies and the fall of Troy, the shipwreck of the fleeing warriors at Carthage, the love affair of Dido and Aeneas, the passing of the Trojans to their destined glory in Rome. The canvas was a vast one; the opera spread over five gigantic acts. Here was the culmination of the ideal of Rossini (*Guillaume Tell*), Spontini (*Fernand Cortez*), Meyerbeer (*Les Huguenots*)—historical pageantry as the basis for musical theater on a mighty scale, a work perfectly adapted to the resources and artistic philosophy of the Paris Opéra. And yet a series of vicious personal intrigues barred the doors of that house to *Les Troyens*. In 1863 the last two-thirds of the opera were presented in an inferior house, the Théâtre-Lyrique, with many cuts as *Les Troyens à Carthage*. The first third, bearing the name *La Prise de Troie*, was never heard during Berlioz's lifetime. Its Paris premiere took place at the Opéra (*enfin!*) in 1899. The Carthage portion that had reached the stage of the Théâtre-Lyrique won twenty-two performances and then vanished for a generation. On record in Berlioz's *Mémoirs* are his humiliation and rage at the cuts imposed by the management.

In our own century, the tide seems to have turned. Many performances of *Les Troyens* have been given internationally, both portions of the work compressed—with cuts that vary from one theater to another—into a dramatic whole. The Paris Opéra, in the early 1920s, offered one such version; the Berlin Staatsoper, a decade later, presented another devised by Dr. Julius Kapp (those who attended the Berlin performances still speak of Erich Kleiber's superb conducting, the Cassandra of Karin Branzell, the Dido of Frida Leider). There have been recent revivals in Paris, Milan, and London—with the Covent Garden performance, though marked by certain elisions, perhaps nearest in our time to Berlioz's plan. The Metropolitan Opera has not yet presented *Les Troyens*, but the time cannot be far off. It has been rumored that the work might open the 1966 season in San Francisco. In short, the outlook for this once neglected work has changed, and with its increased popularity has come the realization among singers that there is gold to be mined in its pages.

Angel has based the rationale of its new recording (stereo SB 3670, $11.59; also available in mono B 3670, $9.59) on a letter sent by Berlioz in 1859 to his son Louis and reproduced in the album liner: "Madame Viardot proposes that she play the two roles in succession: the Cassandra of the first two acts would become the Dido of the last three. The audience, I believe, would tolerate this eccentricity, for it is not without precedent. Thus my two roles could be enacted in heroic style by this great artist." And so, in a series of extracts from the monumental opera, a noted soprano of our time—Régine Crespin—is heard singing the two leading parts. Although officially inspired by a Berlioz letter, this recording has no doubt also been set in motion by a recent edition of *Les Troyens* devised by the soprano's husband—Lou Bruder, poet and stage director—in which Mme. Crespin has appeared at the Paris Opéra and the Teatro Colón. Individual excerpts, nine in number, make up the new discs.

If the reader will glance back at Berlioz's words, he must note they lack transport ("The audience, I believe, would tolerate this eccentricity, for it is not without precedent"). In the same letter, a more practical approach shines through by implication: if Pauline Viardot-Garcia, one of the great divas of the nineteenth century, were to sponsor and take part in this new work, which he was moving heaven and earth to have produced, then such a vagary of casting might be borne. The letter was written four years before the pitifully truncated performance at the Théâtre-Lyrique, where Madame Viardot sang neither of the roles (Cassandra was eliminated by the management and Dido handed to another artist). Always the diva, this renowned singer—a long-time friend and artistic confidante of the composer—stayed away from *Les Troyens à Carthage* on opening night. Her absence has been ascribed to pique.

—*Angel Records.*

Régine Crespin — "big voice and vigorous line."

The question remains: how well has Bruder edited *Les Troyens*, and what has Mme. Crespin done with her double assignment? On the basis of the isolated numbers served up in the new recording, one can shape only an intuitive rather than a considered judgment. The great closing scene, for example—the suicide of Dido—has not been included, although it must surely form part of Bruder's new edition for the theater. Less certain is the fate of the grand duo for Cassandra and Choroebus—also not recorded. It is an overwhelming episode, this scene for the Trojan princess and her lover who she knows, through the gift of prophecy, will be slain. Has it turned up in the Bruder production on stage—or is it another casualty of "editions"? Threading the parts that do remain are several cuts and slashes, especially in *La Prise de Troie*. The frenzied hymn of Cassandra with the priestesses is out. Big choral chunks have been dislodged from the entrance of the horse into Troy; and by way of addition rather than subtraction Mme. Crespin lets out a harrowing shriek at the end of this scene that has nothing to do with text or music. The act, as penned by Berlioz, finishes desolately on an empty stage, Cassandra having rushed off in despair. She utters no cry, for here the agitated orchestra has the last word.

AS I have noted, one ought not pass full judgment without seeing Bruder's edition in the theater; yet, on the basis of these records, one may already question his thesis. There is no dramatic, poetic, or musical need for the same performer to appear as Cassandra and Dido. These two figures do not represent, if one may turn to ballet for a passing example, the opposite sides of a coin, as Odette-Odile in *Swan Lake*; nor are they as in the case of the four heroines in *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*—all vari-

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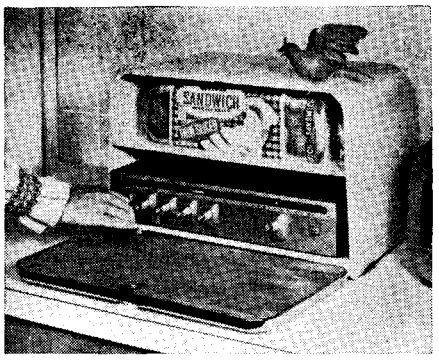
Transistors and the Shape of Things



Transistors for compactness: The Electro-Voice 1177, a fifty-watt stereo FM receiver fitting in a normal breadbox.

THE ADVENT of the transistor brought predictions of new forms in audio equipment, miniaturized components the size of Dick Tracy's wrist radio. The transistor is no longer coming—it is here. At last year's New York High Fidelity Music Show, virtually every manufacturer or importer of electronic equipment had at least one transistor or partially transistorized product on display, and virtually no new products used tubes. The transistor's influence on the shape of things has become apparent, but it is not quite what was first predicted for it.

The need for adequate control-panel space has largely limited the shrinkage of tuners and preamplifiers. Unless some control functions are automated or eliminated, these components are unlikely to shrink beyond the size of the KLH Model Eighteen Tuner introduced at the 1964 show.

Power amplifiers have shrunk a bit, but the main engineering emphasis has been on increased power within the same space, rather than less space for the same power; today's 50-watt-per-channel transistor stereo amplifiers are about the size of yesterday's 50-watt monophonic tube units. In any case, some room must be left for large coupling capacitors, heat sinks for transistor cooling, and the circulation of cooling air. Power amplifiers will probably shrink further, to the point where separate amplifier and preamp units, despite their innate flexibility, will probably disappear in favor of integrated amplifier-preamplifier units on a single chassis.

Since transistor preamplifiers and tuners need control-panel space yet take up little room behind the panel, transistors have accelerated the trend to integrated "receivers" incorporating amplifier, preamplifier, and tuner.

Transistor receivers are as small as or smaller than tube tuners or preamplifiers alone. With less component-damaging heat buildup than tubes, transistors also offer longer service life; this is especially important in receivers, where the breakdown of any circuit means that the whole unit must be returned for service.

The receiver was growing in popularity even before the transistor boom began, as the high fidelity market spread more and more to the less technically minded, who preferred the receiver's simplicity of connection and control to the flexibility of separate units. These folk are the prime buyers of still another transistor-influenced product: the high-fidelity "package" phonograph or radio-phonograph.

KLH first demonstrated that a high fidelity amplifier and preamplifier could be tucked into a turntable base; today, packaged audio systems of quality are available from $200 to upwards of $400. Some are portable, others encased in wood for living-room use; some even incorporate FM or FM-AM tuners. Especially in the less portable versions, with larger speakers, these packages rival component systems of equivalent cost.

The size of the tape transport mechanism limits the degree to which tape recorders can be miniaturized. But transistors can make tape recorders lighter (as witness the Oki line) or allow more features and functions in a recorder of normal size and weight (as on the ultra-versatile Dynaco Beocord). Tape recorders using small reels can be made correspondingly small (as the Concord Sound Camera and Craig ultra-portables), while advances in other areas make slower-speed recording (and hence, smaller reels) more practical.

Transistors operate on low-voltage direct current, and fairly little of that, making them ideal for portable electronic devices of all kinds.

Transistors are rugged, and largely unaffected by vibration, an additional advantage not only in portable operation but in J. B. Lansing's "Energizer" amplifiers which rest inside the speaker enclosures, where they are subject to constant vibration.

The JBL Energizer, the Crown, Magnecord, and Dynaco recorders, and the Acoustech kit line display various facets of a new, transistor-induced trend, and one that promises to become increasingly influential: modular construction.

In the Energizer, interchangeable, plug-in circuit boards custom-match the amplifier to virtually any standard speaker system in a moment. In the Crown and Dynaco recorders, interchangeable circuit boards allow swift replacement of input circuits, which may be instantly changed to accept the output of a tuner, a phono cartridge, a low-impedance microphone, or any desired signal source. In Acoustech's amplifier and preamplifier kits, critical circuits are preassembled and pretested at the factory before being shipped to the consumer for home assembly into a finished unit.

Professional equipment has long featured modular construction, both for adaptability and for quick servicing: a modular circuit can be removed and replaced with a spare without shutting down the equipment for more than a moment, and often without any downtime at all.

The time may soon come when defective circuit boards can be traded at the repair shop for new or rebuilt ones, eliminating the wait for the repair's completion, the return trip to pick up repaired equipment, and the bother of lugging the whole component into the repair shop.

Perhaps, as improved circuits are developed, the owner of modular equipment will be able to trade in his old circuit boards for new ones incorporating the latest advances.

Designers are still discovering the new forms and functions made possible by transistors: "Transistors give us greater flexibility in layout and design," says Wollensak's Bud La Grandeur. "Wollensak's conversion to transistors did not make our new transport mechanism necessary, but did make its eventual form possible."

Motorola, a maker of transistors as well as of transistorized equipment, has also taken advantage of solid-state flexibility by placing the control center-tuner-preamplifier in the lid of some of its consoles for easier access to operating and tuning controls. A Zenith console mounts a tape deck in a radio-phono console no bigger than most average radio-phono-only consoles made with tubes.

The Dick Tracy wrist radio? It's still coming—but as the fruit of still another revolution, microminiaturization, that has yet to affect the field of consumer goods. —IVAN B. BERGER.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column One should read: 8 (*Romeo and Juliet*), 2 ("Cynara"), 1 (*Alice in Wonderland*), 6 ("The Private Dining Room"), 10 ("There Was a Child Went Forth"), 9 ("Peter Bell the Third"), 5 ("The Eve of St. Agnes"), 7 ("The Rape of the Lock"), 4 ("The Vanity of Human Wishes"), 3 ("Preludes").

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Recordings in Review

A Cellist of Quality

DELIUS: *Concerto. Jacqueline du Pré, cello, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. A Song of Sunrise, Songs of Farewell. Sir Malcolm Sargent, the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, and Royal Choral Society.* Angel mono 36285, $4.79; stereo S 36285, $5.79.

One of the pleasanter surprises in recent months of concertgoing was the discovery, as soloist with the visiting BBC orchestra last spring, of Jacqueline du Pré. It needed hardly more than her confident attack on the Elgar concerto, which was her introductory work to Carnegie Hall, to alert the attention to a performer of artistic individuality as well as technical virtuosity. What followed was a clear indication that Miss du Pré is her country's successor to Beatrice Harrison, long the Elgar's outstanding exponent.

While awaiting the version of Elgar which Miss du Pré has made with Sir John Barbirolli (see "The Other Side" in MID-MONTH RECORDINGS, January 15), the present version of Delius will serve as an appetite-whetting introduction to the quality results of which she is capable. It is, altogether, a weaker piece than the Elgar, but it has acres and acres of *cantillena* across which Miss du Pré guides her securely centered bow with nary a scratch, a rasp, or a tonal irregularity of any kind. The performance bears little on her capacity to deal with a more demanding musical problem, but it leaves no doubt of her mastery of this one—which is, after all, as much as one can ask of any performer.

Those to whom the *Songs of Farewell* are unfamiliar (a fraternity of which the undersigned is a charter member) will find it full of the felicities that characterized Delius's response to Walt Whitman in his other, better-known setting (*Sea Drift*). Here, however, it tends to run downhill in interest before it is half finished, which may or may not be related to its late date (1931-32) in his catalogue (Delius died in 1934). Before one reproaches Sir Malcolm for the quality of the performance, it would be well to remember that he conducted the first hearing of it anywhere, at a Courtauld-Sargent concert in March 1932. Nevertheless, by using the much-performed *Song of Sunrise* as a touchstone, it could be concluded that however authoritative a Delius conductor he is, Sir Malcolm is also one of the least sensitive, not only by the Beecham or Barbirolli standard, but also by those of Anthony Collins, Eugene Goossens, and Constant Lambert. And Delius without sensitivity is a contradiction beyond redemption.

—*Angel Records.*

Jacqueline du Pré—"artistic individuality."

Schumann on Strauss

MOZART: *"L'amerò, sarò costante" (Il Re Pastore). "Non so più," "Voi che sapete," "Venite inginocchiatevi," "Deh vieni, non tardar" (Le Nozze di Figaro). "Batti, batti," "Vedrai, carino" (Don Giovanni). "Alleluja" (Exsultate, jubilate, K.165). Elisabeth Schumann, with orchestra* and *unidentified conductor. "Abendempfindung," "Das Veilchen," with Gerald Moore, piano. "Warnung," with George Reeves, piano. "Wiegenlied," with Lawrance Collingwood, piano.* STRAUSS: *"Muttertändelei," "Die heiligen drei Könige aus Morgenland." With Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Karl Alwin. "Traum durch die Dämmerung," "Ich schwebe,"* and *"Ständchen." Schumann, with piano accompaniments by Alwin.* Angel COLH 154, $5.79.

Bibliophiles are fond of quoting the celebrated maxim of Samuel Rogers: "When a new book is published, read an old one." This sage advice may long have seemed out of reach for devotees of fine singing, but at the rate that great artistry of the past is being reinstated in circulation, it may soon be as accessible a way of life for them as for the book fanciers. Certainly when it comes to the material for which Elisabeth Schumann was celebrated, her standard is still to be equaled, let alone excelled. This is, of course, her fourth solo entry in the "Great Recordings of the Century" and, to my taste, the most gratifying.

It may be absurd to invoke a day when her three arias from *Nozze di Figaro* were not only the best but practically the only way that one could become acquainted with the character of Susanna (preceding, in 1926-27, the Glyndebourne recording of the opera by nearly a decade), but there was such a day. As the quality of the art herein reproduced (with its reference also to Cherubino) bears witness, it was not at all a bad day, either, for the incipient Mozartian. (The ratio of music to noise was originally far closer than it is in these immaculate reworkings of the old parts.)

However, for all the sinuous curve and exalted finesse of her Mozart singing, Schumann's Strauss remains not only the finest realization, in sound, of what she had to offer vocally, but also the richest legacy she had to bestow. There may still be some who recall the concert appearances she made with the composer on his American tour in the early Twenties, but as the number of those dwindles, the value of her recordings becomes ever greater. How well she sang the *Ständchen*, is, of course, legendary (the present specimen, from 1927, makes all contemporary efforts, no matter how fi in their hi, sound infirm), but there has rarely been a more beautiful *Traum durch die Dämmerung* from a female voice, and the others are as cherishable as they are unfamiliar. Indeed, *Die heilgen drei Könige* sounds almost like a little operatic excerpt. Conductor-accompanist Karl Alwin was, of course, Schumann's husband, and his musicianship is as close to hers as the domestic relationship suggests. Desmond Shawe-Taylor's booklet is up to his usual standard in such matters.

Katchen, Brahmsian

BRAHMS: *Waltzes, Op. 39, Rhapsodies, Op. 79, Ballades, Op. 10. Julius Katchen, pianist.* London mono CM 9444, $4.79; stereo CS 6444, $5.79.

Contrary to the impressions that may be conveyed by such a record as this (and its companions of a four-part, single-composer series), the enthusiasm of Julius Katchen for the music of Brahms is no recent thing. Indeed, it is more than a decade and a half since the early days of LP brought a performance of the F minor Sonata (December 1950) that

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alerted the ear not only to some unsuspected potentialities of microgroove recording to the advantage of the piano, but also to the qualities of the performer who participated in the demonstration.

In the time since, Katchen has played a wide variety of other literature and appeared "live" in his native country, without quite fulfilling the promise of that early, striking effort. However, the quality of this collection suggests that the return to his first love may produce something notable in the all-Brahms cycle he is about to launch in the concert hall. Whether it is long or "never" (improbable) since such a venture was undertaken in New York, it has been so much a rarity that none could remember its predecessor.

What differentiates the Katchen of these Brahms performances from the earlier pianist of the same name is not so much the force or the power in his playing of the bigger, more pianistically demanding of the Rhapsodies and Ballades, but, rather, the delicacy and finesse he brings to the lighter, more intimate expressions. For, if power is a muscular function that one either has or does not have, delicacy is available to any performer, given the will and the requisite control. To judge from his playing of certain of the waltzes, the quieter section of the Ballade No. 2, and the opening of No. 3, Katchen has both the will and the control, while retaining all the power of the past.

Deryck Cooke—"handsomest kind of fulfilment."

Mahler (and Cooke's) No. 10

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 10 (Performing Version by Deryck Cooke). Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* Columbia mono M2L 335, $9.59, stereo M2S 735, $11.59.

Strictly speaking there is, of course, no Mahler "Tenth." Even the parts of it previously known (the translation into score form of the fully sketched Adagio and Purgatorio sections) called for a certain amount of discretionary power on the part of Ernst Krenek and Alban Berg, who supervised the realization. There was vastly more that involved individual option in the laborious assemblage of sketches and fragments into a consecutive whole that occupied the English musicologist Deryck Cooke for the better part of four years. And he is the first to acknowledge that "Mahler's completed orchestration would doubtless have been something to marvel over in the matter of sonority, and it is a thousand pities that he did not live to do it."

However it is not beyond possibility for one musician to live with the work of another to the point where he may divine, in part at least, how he might have put together a texture embodying certain trends of musical thought. For example, it is universally accepted that Wagner's "sketches" for *Tristan* known as the Wesendonck lieder are heard in the master's own instrumentation when they are performed with symphony orchestra. The fact is that they existed only in the original form with piano accompaniment until Felix Mottl—one of the young disciples of Wagner at Bayreuth—created the orchestral setting.

The telling word, of course, is "might." How Mahler actually *would* have treated the eloquent finale of the Tenth must remain forever a speculation. But Cooke's projection of some possible trends of Mahler's thought grows more convincing with each hearing. What is needed now—as was remarked at the time of the first New York performance of his version last fall—is a recording of the alternate version by Joseph Wheeler that was first heard late last spring. Given these two, and a *printed* version of Mahler's sketches (the actual script is of such idiosyncratic character that only an expert in the composer's hand can make it out), and the true valuation of how much is Mahler, how much is Cooke (or Wheeler) can be determined.

For the while, I find more to ponder on with each rehearing of the Tenth, a longer extension into the future of Mahler's way of thinking music, a completer projection of how he might have gone still further, had he lived to three score and ten rather than barely passing fifty. As the recent performances of the Eighth by Bernstein reminded us, Mahler was a composer of a highly organic inner logic, who pursued his thoughts not merely from movement to movement within a work, but also from movement to movement across one work to the next. As *Das Lied von der Erde* clearly grew out of certain ideas set in motion in the Eighth, so the Tenth has its sequential relation to *Das Lied,* not only in the quotation in the fourth movement but also in the quiet resolution, which is its own form of *Abschied* (farewell).

Considering all the work that Cooke has put into his version, it is the handsomest kind of fulfilment that its permanent presentation should be embellished by the rich sound of the Philadelphia Orchestra, which presents Ormandy at his finest. There are some suggestions, in the opening Adagio, that we may be served this long-awaited dish with an overrich gravy and a smothering of sauce, but that fortunately is but fleeting. The finale—which at a full side's length is the most extensive of the "new" matter and its most meaningful as well—reaches its fulfilment with conviction as well as eloquence.

To judge from the character of the "documentation" afforded by Jack Diether, the package was put together before the music was actually recorded, or at least as it was being recorded. Doubtless that contributed some to expediting the release, but it also limits the amount of analytic information that can be provided, likewise leaving unanswered many questions about what work was done, as well as how it was done. It also omits any mention of Wheeler's name, by an oblique reference to Cooke's being "not the only five-movement orchestral realization" in existence. What Diether has provided is illuminating as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough into a subject of this magnitude. The reproduced sound is on the order of sumptuous.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Coming February 5

"Do We Need New Rules for Experiments on People?" by John Lear.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Adam: *Le Diable à Quatre*. Richard Bonynge directing the London Symphony. London mono CM 9454, $4.79; stereo CS 6454, $5.79.	Doubtless this score has its interests for ballet enthusiasts, but there is little to commend it otherwise. It is about on the musical level of Adam's celebrated *Giselle,* but without the melodic distinctions and occasional strokes of dramatic effect that provide a modest source of non-balletic diversion. To judge from his conducting of this score, Bonynge's interest in the epoch is more profitably employed as a conductor of ballet than of opera. Having set an acceptable metronomical tempo, he can keep it going at the pace appropriate for the dancer without being concerned with—or being blamed for not being concerned with—words. The playing is efficient, the reproduction likewise.
Bruckner: Symphony No. 9 in D minor. Zubin Mehta conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London mono CM 9562, $4.79; stereo CS 6462, $5.79.	Among the accumulated versions of this work (which include fine ones by Jochum and Van Beinum in addition to the Furtwängler, Walter, and F. Charles Adler currently listed in Schwann) this one has a place close to the top. Mehta's sense of direction is always sure, his procedure sane, his command of himself as well as of the orchestra unflawed. He has not only the breadth of feeling to deal with the first movement, but also the sense of repose to stay with the long adagio with which the work ends, without pressing on with it unduly or letting the mood sag. If there is a fault to be found with the first movement, it would be with some laxity during the transitional passages, or the bridges that link one section to another. These are the knottiest to unravel for any conductor, and the significance of them sometimes eludes Mehta. However, it is also evident that he is capable of thinning out the characteristic sound of the Vienna Philharmonic and amending it to his own taste, no small evidence of technical mastery. Very good reproduction.
Chabrier: *España; Joyeuse Marche;* "Danse Slave" and "Fête Polonaise" (*Le Roi Malgré Lui*); Suite Pastorale. Ernest Ansermet conducting l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande. London mono CM 9438, $4.79; stereo CS 6438, $5.79.	Virtually all the commonly performed orchestral literature of Chabrier is contained on this disc, which is a reason for wondering why not a substitution, for one piece or another, of the seldom-heard Mottl orchestration of *Bourrée fantasque* or Ravel's version of the *Menuet pompeux*. Ansermet's Chabrier is well known for its quickness, chromatic colorations, and relevant finesse. What is lacking, in such a piece as the *Joyeuse Marche,* is the quality that Beecham ascribed to it when he termed it "uproarious"; Ansermet's Chabrier is many things, but never "uproarious" or even rowdy. Good reproduction.
Ruggles: *Sun Treader*. Helps: Symphony No. 1. Zoltan Rozsnyai conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia mono ML 6201, $4.79; stereo MS 6801, $5.79.	With or without respect for the Ruggles festival just being tendered to the ninety-year-old composer by Bowdoin College, the current recording is an overdue addition to the accumulating literature of American music available in permanent form. It is clearly a Straussian concept, but it pursues some trends specifically his own. That is more than can be said for the Helps symphony, a noisy affair that sounds to me as if it takes off from Berg's *Wozzeck* orchestra, but doesn't proceed to any recognizable destination. The composer has a fondness for using the orchestra at extremes of its range, which makes for an arresting span of aural effects. There is, also, in the slow movement, a sense of texture clearly heard and acutely reproduced. However, the musical ideas strike me as skimpy and without much character. Rozsnyai's ability to define what the composer has in mind is much to the advantage of Ruggles as well as Helps.
Stravinsky: *Le Baiser de la fée* (complete ballet). Igor Stravinsky conducting the Columbia Orchestra. Columbia mono ML 6203, $4.79; stereo MS 6803, $5.79.	Neither memory nor reference to accessible sources reveals a recent predecessor to Stravinsky's recording of this ballet score, entire (most known prior versions, including his own, have utilized the portions of it known as the Divertissement). The fine performance with Columbia's excellent West Coast orchestra has its unquestionable value as a document, especially in the composer's highly specific, sharply articulated exposition of his material. However, those who listen for pleasure are likely to find more satisfaction at more economical length in the Divertissement form (into which, it is likely, some of this performance will eventually be cast). For those to whom the score as a whole is unfamiliar, it may be recalled as a product of 1928 in which Stravinsky rendered his "homage to Tchaikovsky." At its best it provides absorbing listening, but there is also a good deal that is of limited interest in this full-length exposition.
Stravinsky: *L'Oiseau de Feu*. Strauss: *Der Rosenkavalier* (suite). Josef Krips conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel mono 6260, $4.79; stereo S 36260, $5.79.	However long the odds on Krips producing a qualified version of Stravinsky (even the earliest), they are less than a sure thing, for he has neither the ear for the scoring nor the instinct for its spastic rhythms. Thus all the lightly lyric touches of the score are accentuated, its latent strength and drama devitalized. In addition, the orchestra does not play nearly so well as it might. In the excerpts from the Strauss score, Krips would seem to be on more familiar terrain, but the results are anything but distinguished. Here, too, the sentiment is thickly applied, the real distinctions of scoring glossed over with a generalized kind of "sonority." In sum, Krips is not merely below the standard of most others in this repertory, but below his own best standard in other repertory.
Vaughan Williams: Symphony No. 8. Elgar: Variations on an Original Theme (*Enigma*). Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Vanguard mono SRV 184 $4.79; stereo SRV 184SD, $5.79.	Barbirolli delivers the Vaughan Williams, with its overtones of the composer's *Tallis Fantasia,* with authority, perception, even affection. All of these qualities are inherent in the results he achieves, which are not unrelated to the circumstance that the work is dedicated to him. Unlike some other works of Vaughan William's in which his love for the sounds he could make with the orchestra sometimes outruns his good judgment, this one is consistent through its modest length, and a thoroughly enjoyable experience. The present *Enigma* is at least Barbirolli's third, and, in totality, the best of them. That takes in the sonority of the reproduced sound as well as the breadth and animation of the performance. The musical values far outrun the asking price.
Viotti: Concerto No. 3 in A minor. Giuseppe Prencipe, violin, with the Orchestra Rossini di Napoli conducted by Franco Caracciolo. Boccherini: Symphony in C minor. Same orchestra and conductor. London mono CM 9445, $4.79; stereo CS 6445, $5.79.	Even for those indoctrinated in the works of Viotti, this one is apt to be unfamiliar (and not to be confused with the relatively well known No. 23). This should be to its advantage, for it is an ingratiating work that could be mistaken for a minor score by Mozart, one of his great admirers. Prencipe has just the right amount of silk in his sound to drape these outlines attractively, and he gets around very well. His cadenzas (somewhat on the Kreisler model) are very good. The combination with Boccherini is a happy one, for it, too, is above the average quality of his works. It is strong, well shaped, and adroitly performed under Caracciolo's direction —Irving Kolodin.

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LP Libraries

Continued from page 51

among librarians, as well as by amateur record collectors and record magazines. Slowly there emerged the beginnings of professional library literature concerning the care and feeding of records.

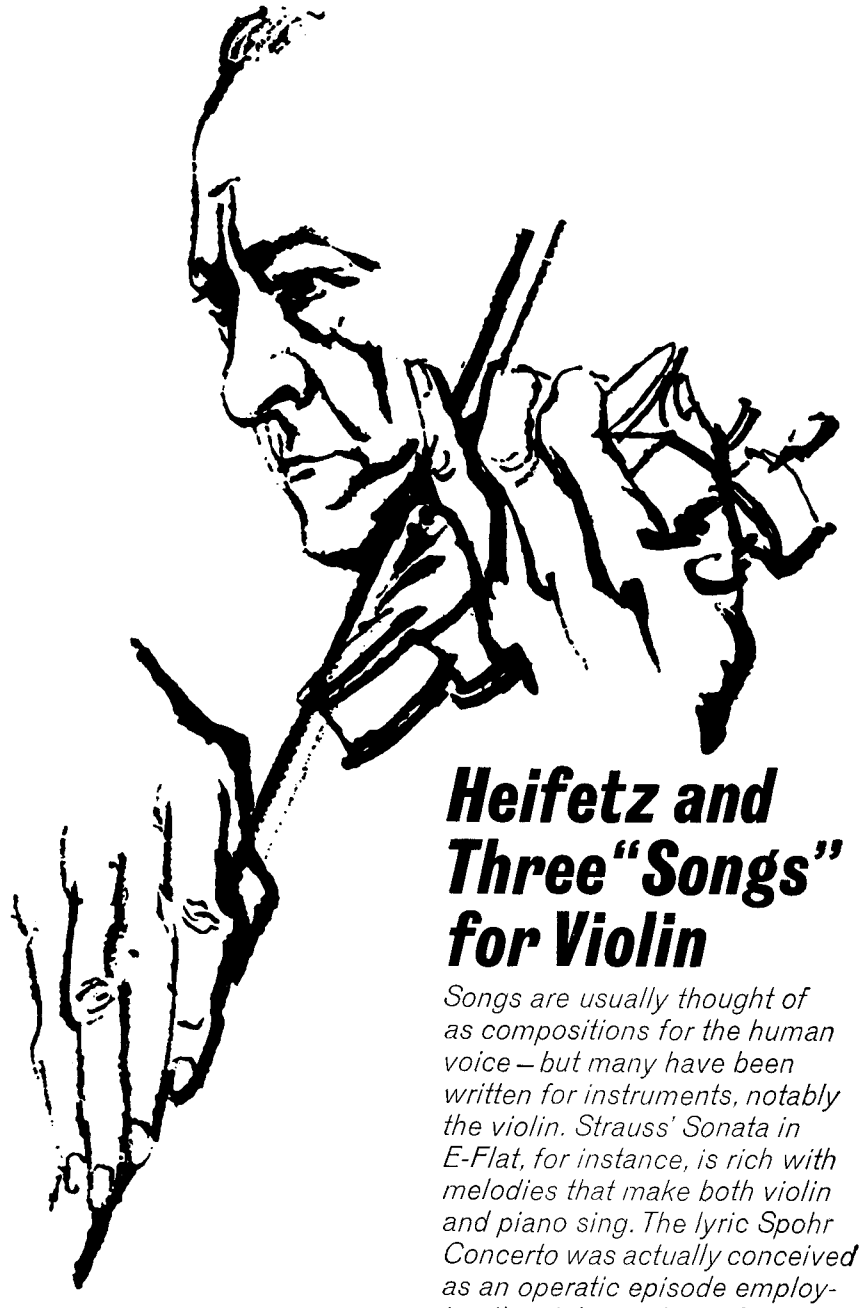
The impetus toward recordings seems to have been slowed down by the spectacular rise of radio in the 1920s, which diverted audiences from hand-cranked Victrolas to crystal sets and audion tubes; by the Depression of the Thirties; and by the cutting of record production during World War II.

The modern renaissance of library collections appears to be traceable in part to: 1) the advent of the long-playing record in 1949, 2) better playback equipment, and 3) the highly diversified cultural output brought out by record companies (operas, musical comedies, jazz, spoken word, instruction-materials), and 4) growth of awareness about discs.

Today there is a vast, almost stupefying literature on the care of records: how to protect them from heat, sun, humidity, and peanut butter on kids' fingers. Actually, recordings have proven to be more sturdy than fragile, but some sticky problems still remain. Some library trustees who determine library policy still think of records as an affront to true culture. There is inadequate publicity given to disc collections, in the form of radio and TV publicity, listings of new LP acquisitions, and tie-ups with touring theater productions, TV programs, national affairs, and births of important recording artists. Moreover, some libraries do not shelve their discs attractively. Charging for borrowing also holds down the popularity of LP library use.

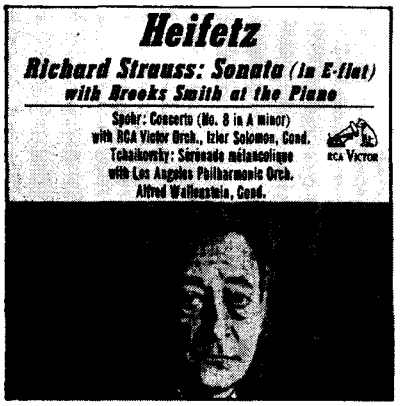
But this is a minor aside to the growth of an enormous and unique addition to library service. Great changes have been wrought in recent years on what constitutes modern library service. These days there are a lot more new libraries that have better lighting, comfortable loungechairs, and pretty librarians. And from an all-book orientation, today's libraries have gone into periodicals, booklets, career guidance materials, college catalogues, children's story readings, chamber music recitals, picture collections, and recordings. Increasingly, within the past half-century, recordings have become accepted as an easily portable, matchless cultural resource.

Recordings and books have become cultural colleagues. The book borrower and the record borrower have proven to be brothers under the polyethylene skin. Marian the librarian in Meredith Willson's *The Music Man* would not only have Balzac, but Beethoven, Bernstein, Beckett, Baez, and Count Basie.



Heifetz and Three "Songs" for Violin

Songs are usually thought of as compositions for the human voice—but many have been written for instruments, notably the violin. Strauss' Sonata in E-Flat, for instance, is rich with melodies that make both violin and piano sing. The lyric Spohr Concerto was actually conceived as an operatic episode employing the violin in place of a singer. Even the title of Tchaikovsky's Sérénade Mélancolique brings to mind the vocal outpourings of some hapless lover. In his performances of these works, Heifetz devotes himself to the realization of their song-like qualities. His eloquent readings, supported by conductors Solomon and Wallenstein and pianist Brooks Smith, make this one of his most pleasing recordings. If lovely music, radiant with melody, is to your taste, this Red Seal album belongs in your collection.


Heifetz
Richard Strauss: Sonata (in E-flat)
with Brooks Smith at the Piano
Spohr: Concerto (No. 8 in A minor)
with RCA Victor Orch., Izler Solomon, Cond.
Tchaikovsky: Sérénade mélancolique
with Los Angeles Philharmonic Orch.
Alfred Wallenstein, Cond.
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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: Sonatas Nos. 1 and 2. Hyman Bress, violin, with Charles Reiner, piano. RCA Victor mono LM 2853, $4.79; stereo LSC 2853, $5.79.	Bress has more musicianship than the average virtuoso, and more virtuosity than most performers with his musical impulses. This puts him in a favorable situation to challenge the twin difficulties of these works, especially as Reiner is a pianist altogether qualified to bear a major share of responsibility where Bartók has arranged it that way. Interpretively, Bress and Reiner have a more productive relationship in the second sonata, where Bartók is always Bartók, than in the first, where he is sometimes Debussy, and even Stravinsky. (They are separated by only a year, but the second is much more individualistic than the first.) The heavily written piano part is particularly well reproduced.
Beethoven: Quartets in E flat (Op. 74) and F minor (Op. 95). Weller Quartet. London mono CM 9431, $4.79; stereo CS 6431, $5.79.	Walter Weller has been concertmaster of the Vienna Philharmonic since 1959, at which time the present group of players began to work together. He was then twenty. Among his associates (Alfred Staar, second violin, and Helmut Weiss, viola) the oldest, Ludwig Beinl, cello, is now in his mid-thirties. This would suggest a zestful, abandoned style of performance, but the opposite is the case here: the two "middle" Beethoven quartets are reserved, almost constrained in style, with little urgency or momentum to make up for a lack of probing or insight. The sound is good and the quartet manners are admirable, but it is all a little tentative and unready to be introduced in this literature against the rich heritage of it already contained on records.
Montsalvatge: *Sonatine pour Yvette*. Rodrigo: *Danzas de España*. Falla: *Fantasia Bética; Quatre Pièces Espagnoles*. Gonzalo Soriano, piano. Angel mono 36281, $4.79; stereo S 36281, $5.79.	While Xavier Montsalvatge waits for the outside world to discover him, some of his Spanish colleagues are doing their part to keep a line of communication open for those who regard him as one of the consequential composers of the day. This "sonatine" presumes to no Olympian height of importance, but it does achieve its objective with finesse and a superior sense of keyboard suitability. As for Rodrigo, those who have taken advantage of the enterprise of Zabaleta and Segovia in sponsoring his larger works will know what to expect in these smaller ones (which have been previously recorded by de Larrocha). Others will make the acquaintance of a composer whose art is in the finest Spanish tradition—combining ingenuity with warmth, originality with charm. In these small-scaled pieces as well as in the more elaborate pianistic layout of the Falla *Fantasia* Soriano affirms again his claim to be considered the foremost exponent of this literature now among us. Good piano sound, too.
Mozart: Divertimento in D (K. 205); Cassation in B flat (K. 99); March in D (K. 290). Members of the Vienna Octet. London mono CM 9433, $4.79; stereo CS 6433, $5.79.	Both the Divertimento and the Cassation are examples of a familiar type of Mozartian writing, if not the equal of the best known, or of the best (not necessarily the same thing). Of the two longer works, the Cassation has the greater interest, as an example of Mozart's musical imagination—fresh, spontaneous, unpredictable—at the age of thirteen. Of course, the comparative values are also relative ones: no one else ever wrote "social" music of this quality, though on occasion Mozart excelled the average that prevails in these works. The names Breitenbach, Hübner, Krump, Veleba are mostly those long associated with the Vienna Octet, though the leader is now Anton Fietz. Highly suitable sound.
Mozart: Serenade No. 9 in D (K. 320); Marches in D (K. 335 Nos. 1 and 2). Mladen Basic conducting the Mozarteum Orchestra, with August Nowicki, posthorn. Eurodisc 71-406 KK, $4.98 (mono only).	There have been other recordings of this work (including one in stereo by Victor Desarzens on Westminster) but Basic's strikes me as the best of all. This may be attributed in part to his own superior grasp of the style (commended, in the instance of K. 203, in Recordings, 1965), but also to the fine quality of the performing group and the bright, open reproduction. For those who may be skeptical of the appeal of a "serenade," it may be described as a combination of the distinctions Mozart achieved in his symphonies, concerti, and dances, blended into a totality quite different from any of its prototypes. The addition here of the posthorn (beautifully played by Nowicki) imparts a character to this serenade that sets it apart from all other serenades as well as the body of Mozart's works in general. A joyous experience.
Nielsen: *Commotio;* Little Preludes. Grethe Krogh Christensen, organ. Lyrichord mono LL 148, $4.98; stereo LLST 7148, $5.95.	Nielsen's unremitting search for new tonal resources, and his ability to "hear" in a way distinctively his own, are affirmed in this recent addition to his recorded literature. The reference is to the *Commotio* (a word whose meaning the annotation unfortunately fails to clarify). It is a lengthy, three-part construction with much the character of an improvisation. Much of its interest derives from his use of organ points as the underlying support for chromatic lines and contrapuntal textures derived from them. It is a product of 1929 (he died in 1931) and suggests a more than laggardly attitude on the part of the those who have failed to advertise its merits before this. The preludes are smaller in scope and of lesser interest. Miss Christensen is not merely a comprehending but an imaginative intermediary, and the reproduction of the two excellent organs (in Copenhagen and Aarhus) is highly satisfactory.
Paganini: Sonata Concertante; Brand Sonata; Sonata (Op. Post.). Marga Bäuml, guitar, and Walter Klasinc, violin. Mace M 9025, $2.49.	Contrary to the suggestions of the composer's name, there is nothing in the least flamboyant or exhibitionistic about these works. And, again, it is the unexpected that prevails in the relationship of the two instruments. The guitar is, for the most part, the *primo,* the violin generally *secondo* (one work is designated as "for guitar with violin accompaniment . . .") an outgrowth of Paganini's fondness for the fretted instrument. In type, the works might be described as "early, unknown Schubert"—for the constant flow of melody, the simple but clearly defined structure, the even disposition of interest between the two instruments. Both performers are capable, and the results are eminently pleasant, if nothing more consequential. The annotation is of little help in relating the works to Paganini's other production, or in fixing them in time. Good sound.
Weber: Concertos No. 1 in F minor (Op. 73) and No. 2 in E flat (Op. 74). Alois Heine, clarinet, with the Salzburg Mozarteum Orchestra conducted by Paul Walter. Dover stereo 5246, $2.00.	Just how old these performances are is anybody's guess, but they were already in the supplement to the first WERM, which would put them back to the early Fifties at least. There is hardly the breathtaking excellence in the performance to make a reissue at this time mandatory, but the clarinet playing of Heine is fluent if not excelling, and the accompaniments are faithfully performed by the orchestra under Walter's direction. As for the works themselves, neither is the one for this solo instrument by Weber which is most performed—that is the Concertino Op. 26. But each has abundant evidence of his feeling for the clarinet that is familiar from *Der Freischütz*. By current standards, the recording is just about tolerable. —I.K.

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Berlioz

Continued from page 52

ants of a single love impulse—to be taken ideally by one versatile soprano; neither are they partners in a psychological duel, like Venus and Elisabeth (who, oddly enough, never appear on stage at the same time) in *Tannhäuser*. Olive Fremstad is reported to have played both roles years ago in England as the shifting subconscious of an alternately guilty and penitent hero; and Birgit Nilsson is awaited by New York this season in what is presumed to be the same approach. Singing these two Wagnerian parts in one evening may stretch a point but involves no eccentricity. Some purpose has been served. In the Cassandra-Dido tour de force, only one motive is clear: a massaging of the prima donna's ego.

With the gathering of the huge forces needed to record these ensembles from *Les Troyens*, and the engagement of so able a conductor as Georges Prêtre, the new discs, though satisfactory, might have come off with more eloquence. The orchestra plays well, the sound is generally good; yet the dispersed effect of the three stage bands in the Trojan processional lacks the glint and intensity of Berlioz's scoring. Mme. Crespin is broadly effective as Cassandra, singing with big voice and vigorous line. She does better as Dido, investing the part with carefully molded phrasing and tonal beauty, along with a touch of Transalpine *morbidezza* not always right for the style. It is in the scene culminating with Dido's aria "Adieu, fière cité" that this artist really comes through, bringing diversity of color and richness of imagination to her work.

Of the supporting singers, when they are given a chance, Marie-Luce Ballary is adequate as Anna, and Guy Chauvet does well in the great monologue of Aeneas, "Inutiles regrets," though he falls short of the breathtaking standard set by the old Georges Thill recording of this piece. The conducting of Prêtre is brilliant, sometimes more flaming than poetic; and the engineer rides gain at the climax of the Royal Hunt and Storm, damping the roar of the tempest. When one considers that aside from these new *Troyens* excerpts and various recent recordings of the Royal Hunt there exists on LP only Acts III, IV, and V (*Les Troyens à Carthage*) as performed somewhat erratically under the direction of Hermann Scherchen and not a single note of *La Prise de Troie*, there is cause for regret that so massive and important a project should not have come through as something other than a personal vehicle. —Robert Lawrence.

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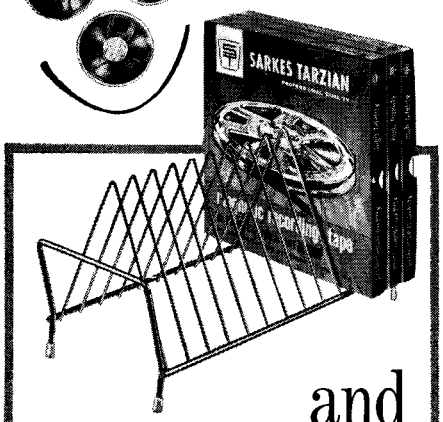

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Yesterday's Monk—Again

THERE WAS a time when a recording date by Thelonious Monk might mean four new Monk compositions. But that was in a period of the worst public neglect of Monk's talents, a time between the late Forties and early Fifties when it was almost impossible for Monk to earn his living as a musician. Monk himself had faith in his talents, and he bore those years with a rare productivity and a patient stoicism.

Monk bears his current years of success somewhat differently, and a new Columbia release called *Misterioso* (CL 2416, $3.79; stereo CS 9216, $4.79) is evidence at hand. The performances are all by quartets, and they were culled from "live" nightclub and concert performances here and abroad. Of the numbers included, neither the Monk originals nor the standards are new to his repertory. The title piece (the blues "Misterioso") and "Evidence" are two of his great works, and the former particularly is one of the most influential in all modern jazz. But, as may surprise his more recently acquired followers, Monk first recorded both of these pieces at a single session in 1948, in versions that are still classic. (Those versions are on Blue Note 1509 and 1510 in the current catalogue.)

I'm not saying that I find the performances on the new LP dull, but I do not think that they add very much to our knowledge of Monk technically or emotionally. Only "Honeysuckle Rose" is a real disappointment; the piece was once a vehicle for Monkian high comedy but this reading is on a fairly lightweight level. And there are fine moments like the musical conversation between Monk and his tenor saxophonist Charlie Rouse on "Well, You needn't," the expansive Monk piano solo on "Light Blue," and the very inventive Monk solo on "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You."

If Monk is resting on his laurels for the moment (or one hopes it is only for the moment), he has the laurels to rest on. In the immediate background of his current fame and popularity was an engagement at a Lower East Side New York club called the Five Spot in the summer of 1957, with a quartet featuring John Coltrane's tenor saxophone, Wilbur Ware's bass, and Shadow Wilson's drums. That engagement was one of the most significant events in recent jazz history, but for a long time it was assumed that this group made no recordings. Then, about four years ago, three

—*Columbia Records.*

Thelonious Monk — "exploratory daring."

selections appeared rather obscurely on a label called *Jazzland*. These have now reappeared on the newly revived Riverside in a collection called *Monk and Coltrane* (RLP 490; stereo 9490).

To fill out the LP, the company has included an excellent alternate version of the extended Monk blues solo, "Functional" (it is so very different from the original that it might well have been given another title). And there are two septet rehearsal versions of Monk's "Off Minor" and "Epistrophy," originally recorded for another album, with a Coltrane solo only on the latter.

But the most important music is, of course, the three selections by the Monk-Coltrane quartet. Perhaps the importance of that ensemble lay not only in the exploratory daring of the music it made, but in the fact that its members were an admirable collection of foils and counterfoils to each other. Coltrane's hard, bursting virtuosity fled into the hidden or elusive corners of Monk's

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pieces. Ware's basically simple but highly original style explored them with a kind of percussive lyricism unheard in jazz bass outside his work. Wilson's drums were a terse history of his own career; a smooth, swing-style, cymbal-oriented accompanist evolved into a modern, interplaying percussionist. Monk held everything together with the orderliness of a composer, the rhythmic originality of a great jazz performer, and the responsiveness of a man capable of using either immediate reflex or careful reflection, whichever the occasion demanded.

Coltrane found enormous stimulation in Monk's music and its implications as well as exceptional emotional rapport with its composer. He understood the importance of melodies and their harmonies and how and why they fit together. His performance of Monk's ballad "Ruby My Dear" is prime evidence, and I confess that for me his playing here has a gratifying discipline and pace and form that I have not always heard in his subsequent work.

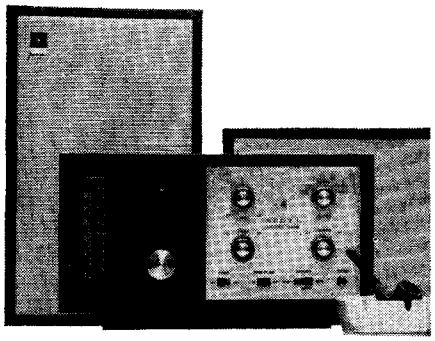
Monk coaxes a variety of textures and sounds out of a small group, sometimes playing with Coltrane, sometimes playing contrapuntally against him, sometimes leaving him only with Ware and Wilson in accompaniment, and sometimes re-entering, with rare effectiveness. On "Nutty," after Coltrane's complex peak Monk returns with a simple thematic paraphrase; on "Ruby My Dear," Coltrane ends with a sedate but irresolute effect and Monk begins in suggested double-time.

Musical memory is notoriously corruptible, but I think that the third of these pieces, called "Trinkle Tinkle," is very close to the level of what one heard those summer evenings at the Five Spot. The piece itself is uncharacteristic of Monk in that its melody line is pianistic, perhaps too pianistic for saxophone, but the rapport between Monk and Coltrane is exceptional and Ware's solo is lovely if brief.

One still hears rumors that there were some tapes actually made during the group's stays at the Five Spot. If so, someday they may be issued. Meanwhile, the Monk and Coltrane LP offers what we have of this important music. One can't say that it will do till the real thing comes along for, tantalizingly brief as it is, it is the real thing.

—MARTIN WILLIAMS.

Amazingly Simple



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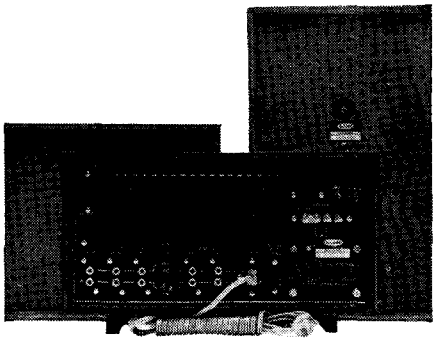

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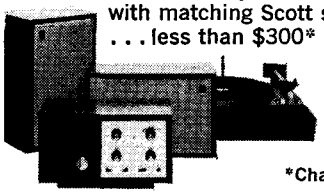

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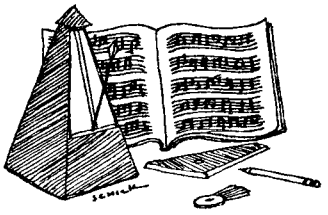
Rossini's "Moses"

WHEN AN OPERA is listed as Rossini's *Mosè*, the first question is: which *Mosè*? On March 5, 1818, his *Mosè in Egitto*, to a libretto by Andrea Leone Tottola was staged at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples, with his future wife, Isabella Colbran, as Elcia. It was an immediate and enduring success, and when it was given at the San Carlo again in 1819, Rossini added to it what became its most familiar single number, the Hebrews' prayer *Dal tuo stellato soglio*. In Paris nine years later, Rossini rewrote that original *azione tragico-sacra* into a four-act grand opera to a French libretto by Luigi Balocchi and Etienne de Jouy, adding considerable music, including that for dances in Act III, Scene 1, in the Temple of Isis. He called the new work *Moïse et Pharaon, ou Le Passage de la Mer Rouge*. Heard first at the Paris Opéra on March 26, 1827, *Moïse*, too, was successful (more than 100 singings at the Opera by 1838). With its text translated into Italian by Calisto Bassi, this French revision came to be known in Italy as *Il Mosè Nuovo or Mosè II*, and it, too, became popular and was even heard in Paris, at the Théâtre-Italien (where the original *Mosè in Egitto* had been sung in 1822).

The recording now issued here by Philips (mono only, PHM 3-580, $15.37) is of a substantially complete performance of *Il Mosè Nuovo* that was heard on the Italian radio in 1956. Tullio Serafin conducts the Chorus and Orchestra of the San Carlo, Naples, and the following cast: Nicola Rossi Lemeni (Mosè), Agostino Lazzari (Elisero), Giuseppe Taddei (Faraone), Mario Filippeschi (Amenofi), Piero de Palma (Aufide), Plinio Clabassi (Osiride), Lucia Danieli (Maria), Caterina Mancini (Sinaide), and Ferruccio Mazzoli (a mysterious voice and a voice from inside). *Il Mosè Nuovo* is not florid, but, even so, it has been simplified here—particularly in the matter of male trills—in the interest of comfort for several of the singers, obviously not masters and mistresses of *bel canto*. One certainly would rather hear Rossini's 1827 opera as he composed it, in French. But even in this translation it is one of the most impressive operas of the early Italian nineteenth century. It flows almost uninterruptedly with dramatically effective and beautiful melody, much of it for ensembles and choruses. The recorded performance suffers badly from the essential tonelessness and lack of vigor in Rossi Lemeni's singing and from the plangent straining of several of the higher voices. Nonetheless, the overall impression created is that of complete understanding of what it is in score, and dedicated purpose to bring it out alive and pulsing.

Although *Mosè* in any version often is referred to as an oratorio (it was originally disguised that way so it could be performed during Lent), it is not. It is a very theatrical opera, complete with stirring confrontations, bigotry, power, and passionate love. Some of its solos are among Rossini's finest, but its highest emotional climaxes arrive in choral-ensemble scenes. The first opens Act II with the so-called plague of shadows, in which Mosè, Amenofi, Sinaide, Faraone, nobles, ladies, guards, and warriors react in terror and helplessness to the darkness over Egypt until Faraone persuades Mosè to restore daylight. The second, one of Rossini's great-



est achievements, is in the third scene of Act IV, when, on the shore of the Red Sea, Mosè, Anaide, Maria, Elisero, and the Hebrews pray for safe passage through the waters. This is a grandly plotted, long-lined, cumulative ensemble number from which it is easy to believe that Verdi—and even the Verdi of *Aïda*—learned much. Maestro Serafin found precisely the right tempos and volumes for it and though some of his soloists do not match his abilities, they combine with him to evoke an overwhelming effect.

The sound of the recording, though not up to the glazed perfections of more recent days, is excellent. The accompanying booklet contains an article on the opera by Leo Riemens, a piece on the San Carlo by him, and the complete text of *Il Mosè Nuovo* as sung and in a serviceable English translation by Dale McAdoo. The prophet-like photographs of Rossi Lemeni in his Michelangelesque costume strongly suggest that his mere presence on a stage would go some distance toward making us forget his obvious vocal deficiencies. The Philips *Mosè* is highly welcome.

—HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

The Germ and the Virus

CERTAINLY it would be difficult to find a dissertation as astute, concise, and appropriate as Mr. Weinstock's article "The Germ and the Virus," concerning the plague that currently afflicts the beautiful Italian comic operas of the first half of the nineteenth century [*SR*, Dec. 25]. His diagnosis is penetratingly precise; the therapy he recommends is irrefutably logical; and the prognosis depends on reliable application of his prescribed regimen.

Let us hope that these intelligent recommendations are heeded by the carriers of these pernicious germs and viruses.

RICHARD FAULISO.

Hartford, Conn.

MR. WEINSTOCK deserves the gratitude of the entire opera world for his article dealing with the inanities of opera production. This opinion can be encountered among a portion of the opera-going public, but this is the first time I've heard it from a position of authority.

Some of the record companies have indicated a movement in this direction, which I hope will grow and influence the opera house. When London records *Boris* with Ghiaurov, let us hope the original score is used. This I would buy even if I didn't like it, just to experience Moussorgsky's music.

RONALD KUENZEL.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Weinstock, also Caballé

BRAVO, Weinstock ["The Germ and the Virus"]! If all the bright boys in the producing business know so much about What-We-Can-Do-to-Firm-Up-Those-Feeble-Degenerate-Bel Canto-Operas, let them try their own settings of *L'Elisir* or *The Barber;* then let's see who knows so much about what!

Does Miss Caballé sing "Casta Diva" [RECORDINGS IN REVIEW, December 25] in the original key on RCA Victor LM/LSC 2862? It seems to me that the question of the sustaining of the extremes of range is important to the present and future evaluation of the work of a singer, particularly in the terribly crucial bel canto female category. More specifically, may we at long last hope to hear a *Norma* or *Trovatore* Leonore who can sing *all* the notes beautifully without sacrificing temperamental projection? (The dream of a complete and truly authentic *Trovatore*, both on the stage and on recordings, has been with me a long time.)

BARRY FRAUMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our resident Bellini authority, John Ardoin, notes that the question of the "original key" is somewhat hazy, as the aria was first sung in F, though Bellini is reputed to have conceived it in G. In any case, the Caballé performance is in F. Joan Sutherland sings the aria in G, the cabaletta in F—a compromise some find even more difficult to accept.*

Contra Weinstock

IN THE December 25 issue Herbert Weinstock bemoans some of the musicological "illnesses" of modern opera production.

I am sure that Herr Gunther Rennert and Dr. Walter Ducloux (director of the University of Southern California Opera Theatre) are as fully aware of these "illnesses" as the learned Dr. Weinstock. They prefer, however, to sacrifice a degree of authenticity in favor of being entertaining. I am confident that Signor Rossini would have done the same. Since he and his collaborators often changed the text of an opera from one performance to the next, I am

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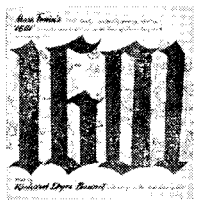

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certain that he would not be above such considerations as a tightening of the plot and the elimination of some of the musical and verbal rhetoric to which modern-day audiences are so opposed.

I suggest that all musical purists, including Dr. Weinstock, be condemned to participation in a long run of *La Pietra del paragone*—or any other opera from the early output of a composer of this period—in its original form. Having listened to all the local references in the overlong recitatives, the lengthy repetitions in some of the arias, and viewed some of the preposterous plot construction, I am reasonably certain that most of the listeners would be among the missing by intermission on opening night.

James H. Kinnee,
Associate Professor of Music.
Chico State College,
Chico, Calif.

Editor's note: *A "confident" belief in the opinion of a composer long dead presupposes lines of communication to which few have access. Why not retouch Rembrandt, plate Cellini in chromium, or add arms to the Venus de Milo? Doubtless there are some who are "opposed" to these in the original also.*

Angeles, Not d'Angelo

In his review of Angel's new *The Tales of Hoffmann* in your December 25 issue, Mr. Robert Lawrence wrote a carefully worded opinion that "it would seem as if . . . it wasn't really Miss de los Angeles at all" who sang Antonia's offstage passage in the fourth act, but another soprano from the cast, Miss Gianna d'Angelo.

His ears were the only evidence offered the reader for this assumption, hazardous grounds for a blindfolded guess. It would have been a service to all concerned, especially to himself and to Victoria de los Angeles, an artist for whom he expressed admiration in the same review, if he had checked the accuracy of his aural impression with the producer (the first of Mr. Lawrence's three Angels).

The facts are these: Miss de los Angeles recorded the passage in one take on September 4, 1964, at the Salle Wagram in Paris. In order to achieve the effect of distance, the artist sang at the foot of a basement stairway in the building. At the time, Miss d'Angelo was in her Milan residence.

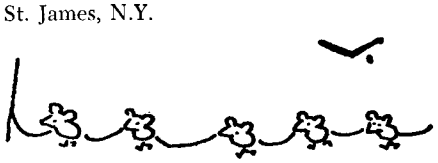
John Coveney,
Angel Records.
New York, N.Y.

Editor's note: *The effect of distance would have been even greater from Milan.*

Daniel and the Swiss

Bravo to Oliver Daniel for his recent interesting article on Cantonese music in your December 25 issue! And bravo to the Swiss Music Library for making it available!

Donald C. Seibert.
St. James, N.Y.



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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1660

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Mediterranean resort in France's Alpes-Maritimes bet. Monaco and Italy.	146 102 120 73 86 36
B. (Present) in specific surroundings (3 wds.)	95 63 31 47 38 172 130 119 152
C. Keep cool.	8 147 106 96 48 112 68 187 72 127 99
D. The time when we wish we'd done what we don't like doing now.	164 100 69 133 192 151 43 1 97
E. Wrap up.	59 45 185 162 118 24
F. Objects often closely involved with plaster.	87 150 125 173 67
G. Science that deals with the canons and criteria of validity in thought and demonstration.	12 153 121 74 50
H. Supposed relative motion bet. a body and the supporting medium of space, now discarded under the theory of relativity (2 wds.)	181 64 84 109 56 177 103 44 30 167
I. Marc Antony's adjective for Brutus.	66 123 116 91 166 104 114
J. Vertical-cleated drum revolving on an upright spindle.	78 131 149 62 28 139 18
K. New York's great "sugar-refining family."	138 61 89 4 25 42 171 82 182
L. In rhetoric, the oppositions of ideas.	148 93 107 21 34 169 85 41 117 9
M. Today's word for the Biblical *latchet*.	27 51 189 184 176 79 22 136
N. Adjective expressing some quality specially appropriate.	77 101 11 94 113 65 190
O. Given name, contemporary opera and lieder singer, soprano, now retired.	110 105 168 191 23
P. Draw into an entanglement or complication.	159 193 180 145 13 16 141
Q. To be removed or discharged (3 wds.; colloq. U.S.)	188 55 46 70 14 35 108 126 19 98
R. Street where Eugene Fields' Rock-a-Bye Lady lived.	128 80 115 32 15 183 137
S. Proverbially better than one (2 wds.)	20 124 186 135 170 52 6 2
T. Musical instruments in WORD U.	71 5 175 161 142 29 165 37
U. See WORD T.	155 76 90 179 75
V. The little shirt that "nobody wears any more."	40 178 88 143 58 140 33 160 83
W. Spread by scattering.	39 54 3 129 10
X. Resplendent, bright.	17 53 111 60 158 57 122 174 156 49
Y. Duck of the American seashore (2 wds.)	81 92 163 154 132 144 26 134 7 157

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

1 D	2 S	■	3 W	4 K	5 T	6 S	7 Y	8 C	9 L	■	10 W	11 N	12 G	13 P	■	14 Q
15 R	16 P	17 X	■	18 J	19 Q	20 S	21 L	22 M	23 O	24 E	■	25 K	26 Y	27 M	28 J	■
29 T	30 H	■	31 B	32 R	33 V	■	34 L	35 Q	36 A	37 T	38 B	39 W	■	40 V	41 L	42 K
43 D	■	44 H	45 E	■	46 Q	47 B	48 C	49 X	■	50 G	51 M	52 S	53 X	54 W	55 Q	56 H
■	57 X	58 V	59 E	■	60 X	61 K	62 J	63 B	■	64 H	65 N	66 I	67 F	68 C	69 D	■
70 Q	71 T	72 C	73 A	■	74 G	75 U	■	76 U	77 N	78 J	79 M	80 R	81 Y	82 K	■	83 V
84 H	85 L	■	86 A	87 F	88 V	■	89 K	90 U	91 I	92 Y	93 L	94 N	95 B	96 C	97 D	■
98 Q	99 C	100 D	101 N	102 A	103 H	104 I	■	105 O	106 C	■	107 L	108 Q	109 H	■	110 O	111 X
112 C	113 N	114 I	115 R	■	116 I	117 L	118 E	119 B	120 A	121 G	■	122 X	123 I	124 S	■	125 F
126 Q	■	127 C	128 R	129 W	■	130 B	131 J	132 Y	133 D	■	134 Y	135 S	136 M	137 R	■	138 K
139 J	140 V	141 P	■	142 T	143 V	144 Y	145 P	146 A	147 C	■	148 L	■	149 J	150 F	151 D	152 B
■	153 G	154 Y	■	155 U	156 X	157 Y	■	158 X	159 P	160 V	161 T	162 E	163 Y	164 D	■	165 T
166 I	167 H	■	168 O	169 L	170 S	171 K	■	172 B	173 F	174 X	175 T	176 M	177 H	■	178 V	179 U
180 P	181 H	182 K	■	183 R	184 M	■	185 E	186 S	187 C	188 Q	189 M	190 N	191 O	192 D	193 P	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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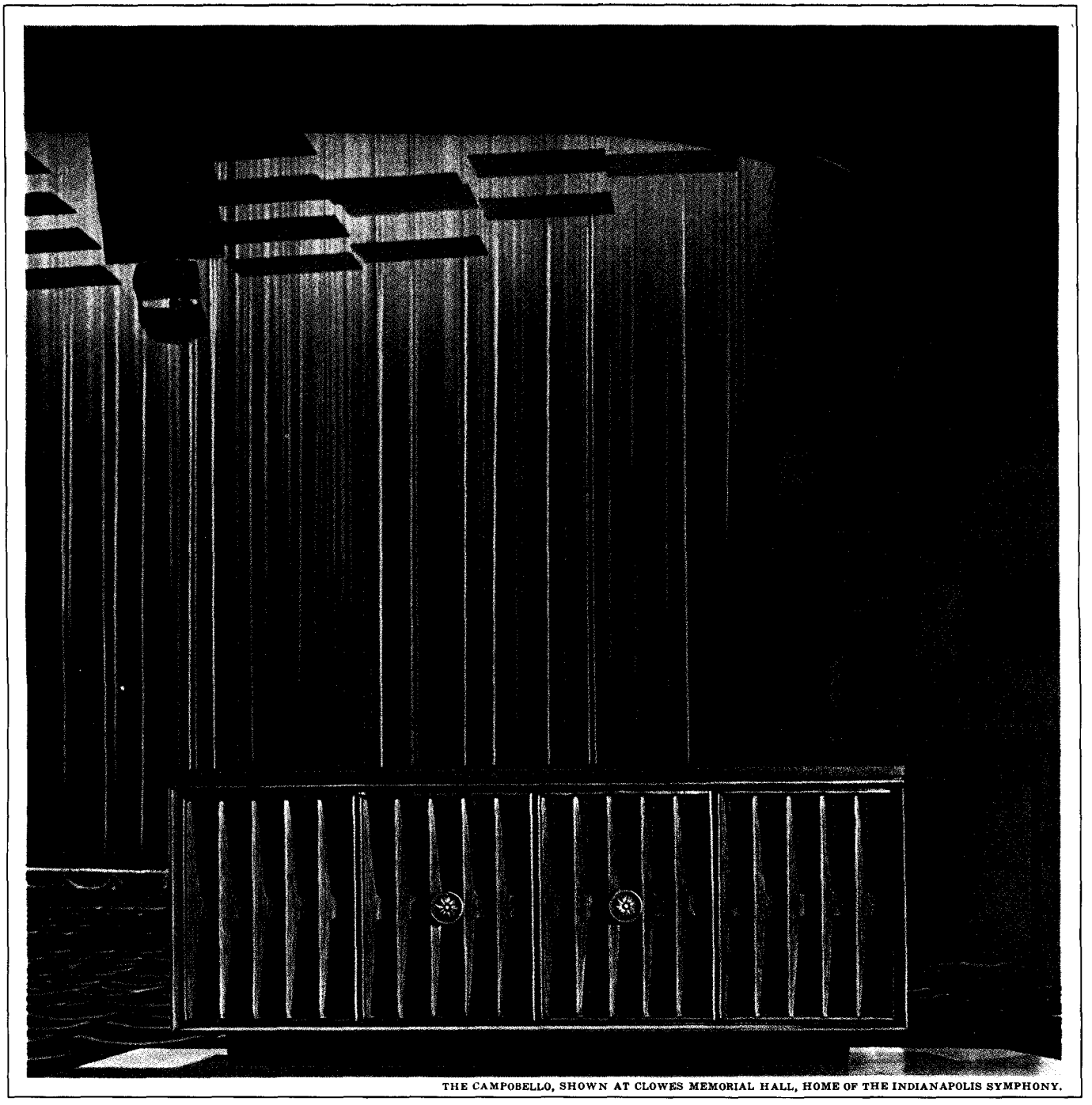

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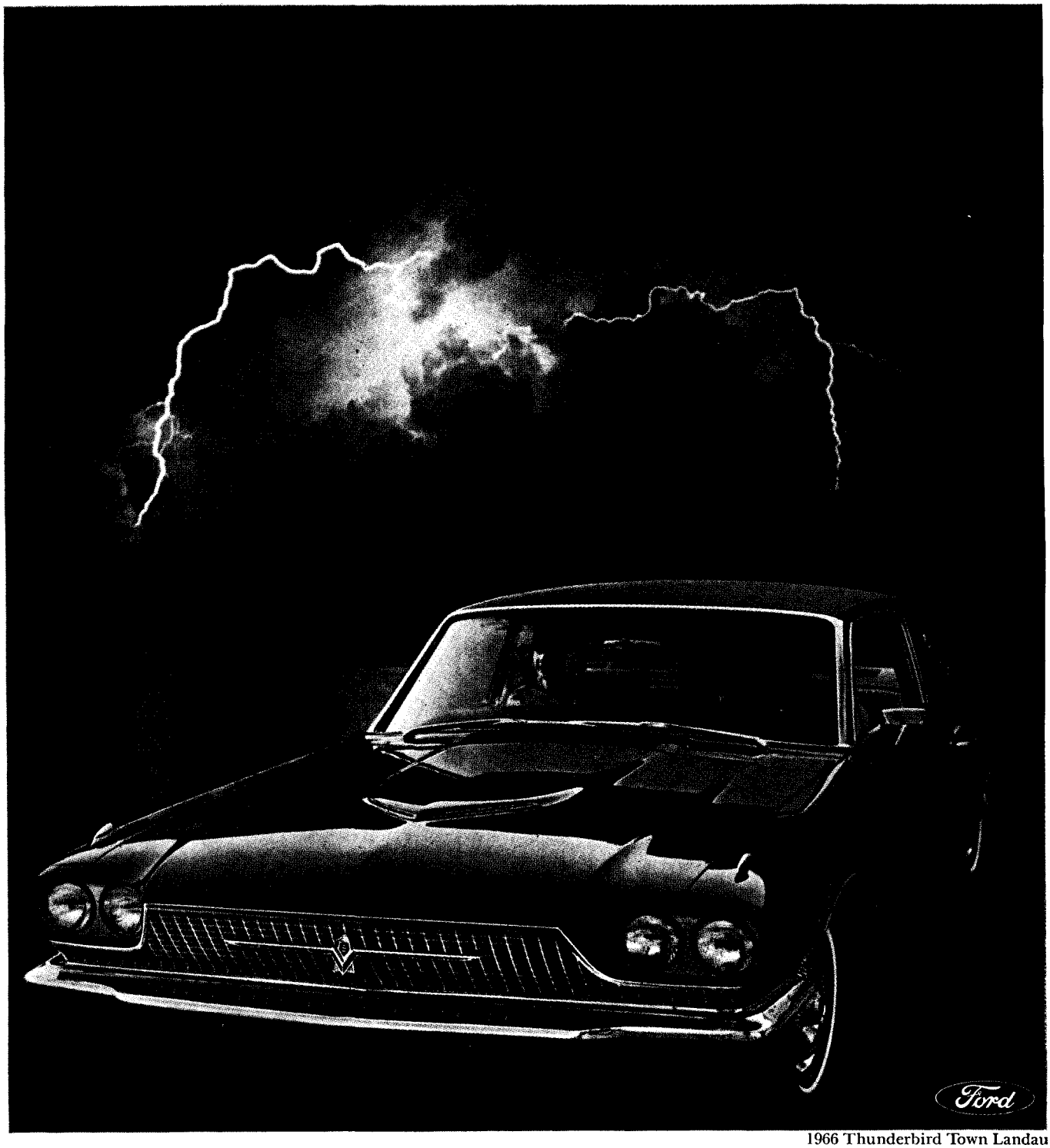

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